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AN

ACADEMIA UNIVERSITATIS
OUR JOSHUA

AS A

REPORTER.

BY

BROTHER JONATHAN.

Author of "Sketches by Brother Jonathan," "Rustic
Rambles," &c.

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OUR JOURNAL
AS A REPORTER

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AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF AGRICULTURE
IN CANADA
BY
HERMAN M. PITTS
REPORTER
OF THE
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AND
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OUR JOSHUA AS A REPORTER.

CHAPTER I.

AN INTRODUCTION TO OUR HERO.—HIS SCHOOL-DAYS.

There is an unaccountable fascination about a newspaper office which all the discoveries in science have never yet been able to make out. When a lad enters the village printing office to serve out his time and learn the glorious art, it is a rare exception if he ever changes his vocation.

While this is true in the more humble departments of the art, it is still more true in the literary departments. Few are the persons who, after once entering into the reportorial fields of Journalism, can be induced to change their business, although they have frequently the opportunity of doing so, and often with pecuniary advantages far superior to those which they can receive on the staff of any paper.

A prevalent idea, which is entirely erroneous, is that a successful editor *must* be a College graduate. It is now generally conceded, among newspaper men at least, that it does not always require a college education to make a good journalist. The editor who has gone through the various departments of a newspaper office, and has perfected himself in each, has certain advantages over the college graduate. He knows by a glance at the copy how much it will make when in type, how to punctuate the article so that it will be readable, and knowing all about the various styles and sizes of type, he has the entire control of the office in his head. Of course many college graduate editors have this knowledge.

This may not show up so prominently in a large office, but on a country newspaper the knowledge of the several departments is invaluable to the editor.

But now for our story. The hero of this exciting romance, Joshua Bangs, Esq., was a thorough-bred printing office graduate, and the effort of this thrilling tale will be to show up some of his trials and pleasures.

He first saw the effulgent light of noonday in a small town in Canada, which for the sake of euphony we will designate as Swamptown. At the tender age of thirteen he was escorted by his maternal relative into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Swamptown *Era*, where the editor was informed that Joshua was a good boy, very good, but he had pleaded so hard to be an editor, that she was constrained to hand him over to his tender mercies to see what he could make out of him.

"So, my little man, you would like to be an editor, would you?"

"Yes, Sir, I want to be a great man."

"Well, Sir, you'll have to commence as a devil in the printing office. Great editors from little devils grow."

The printing office being in want of a devil, Joshua was duly installed in that capacity, and his vocation from that time forth was established.

Now Joshua had the name of being a precocious youth in the full sense of the term.

His father had been a master mechanic in a machine shop, but having been suddenly deprived of the powers of respiration by too close proximity to a belt which came apart while he was attending to some of his multifarious duties, Joshua had been left at the early age of six without his restraining influences.

Not having any brothers or sisters, he had grown up something like a hot-house plant,—a head of lettuce, rather than like an evil weed (a simile generally used) excepting that there was nothing of a green nature about our Joshua.

He had attended school for some five years, and in that time had learned considerable in one way and another, beside the usual curriculum prescribed for the fourth and fifth grades.

The father's mechanical genius began to show itself early in the school life of the son. In fact, it was very soon discovered that his inventive organs were more than ordinarily developed. When not experimenting on the various methods of bending a pin so that the part of it which is "position but magnitude" would be at a perpendicular, he was inventing an excuse as to how it came just where some "forlorn hope" had rested on it for a brief space. So common, in fact, did those barbed instruments of torture become in that school, ^{that} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~teacher or the scholars would seat themselves, they~~ ^{the} would instinctively glance at the chair or bench. And this was all laid to the charge of Joshua. It will be thus seen that his early life was largely taken up in inventing—excuses and such like—and in his youthful days the germs of genius could plainly be seen sprouting above the sorrel top of his not too delicate tint of hair.

Joshua's affectionate disposition was also very noticeable in his school days. He loved his teacher with a frenzy that bordered on his passion for molasses candy.

This love was so strong, so deeply rooted, that he often remained in hours at a time after school, to be with her and listen to her dulcet tones, as she monotonously read over an exercise for his edification; and this at times, too, when he snow-balling was good outside, or when his schoolmates were going swimming.

Some of the boys who were not particularly friendly to him would insinuate that he was kept in for misbehavior, and that he often got beatings which brought the tears to his eyes, and that this did not look much like reciprocated affection, at least.

Joshua, however, always repudiated all such malign assertions. When closely questioned by his mother, he would say that it seemed to please the teacher so much to chastise him that he had not the heart to see her unhappy, and if these exercises gave her pleasure he could stand it if she could. As for the tears, why, they were only an overflow of affection.

Our young hero's life had, in this manner, glided tranquilly onward: to-day, an imposition; to-morrow, kept in, and next day a whipping. Positively nothing to disturb the serenity of his existence.

But the teacher's life was not all one long sun-beam—not by any means. When not punishing Joshua she was always preparing to do so. Not that Joshua was not deserving of all he received. In after years, in telling of his mischievous experiences, he would dwell fondly on those variegated and enlivening scenes, and remark that if he had only had a few more "lickings," there would not have been any office in the gift of his country that he could not have aspired to. He always, however, gave the credit to the teacher that "she had done all that she could."

No! The sunbeam business did not enter into that young lady teacher's experience. On one occasion she would find her desk covered with ink, again she would find all the ink removed from the bottle and water in its place; and when Joshua was interviewed, he would

demonstrate by scientific principles that the ink must have frozen, and thus, as water in a congealed state returned to the pure element, it must have thawed out when in this pure state, which accounted for its being so thin. This explanation, however, was not received with the amount of credence which such deep scientific research should merit, particularly as there were numerous ink stains on Joshua's hands; so he would have to come up to the scratch again.

The first real symptoms he showed of the great and glorious future before him, was when he began to hack around indiscriminately with Washington's little hatchet.

While the other boys might acknowledge having been in the wrong, Joshua never would. He would take a "licking" first, and many a trouncing did this characteristic bring him. His truthfulness, too, was quite noticeable in one so young. He would equivocate, prevaricate, and change the subject when it became entirely too distressingly personal, but when cornered down to a yes or no, his great big eyes would roll around pleadingly, beseechingly gazing up at the teacher,—luminous objects from among the freckles and tan-bark hue of his face, and without a sign of hesitation or emotion he would plead—not guilty.

Thus at the impressible age of thirteen, having graduated from the school with high "colors," Joshua was handed over to the foreman, to play the devil generally about the office.

His first day's experience among the type setters will form the subject for another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

SWAMPTOWN AND ITS JOURNALS—JOSHUA'S FIRST DAY IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

A few words about Swamptown would not be out of place just here. The Swamptown of the time we write was a small Canadian town of about five thousand of a population, and was chiefly supported, like many Canadian towns of that size, by a few manufactories, a considerable lumber interest, and the large agricultural districts surrounding it.

It was blessed with two newspapers, one Liberal, the other Conservative in its politics, and the people were pretty evenly divided on political lines. The name of the Liberal paper was the weekly *Herald*, and that of the Conservative, the *Swamptown Era*; the last named being the one at which our hero began his literary career.

A bitter animosity existed between the two papers, which was also held by the hands in the office, and had often threatened to culminate in a general fracas. While the editors would call each other anything but gentlemen through the medium of their respective papers, there had not as yet been any open rupture, although several skirmishes had taken place between subordinates in the offices.

As the times we write of are supposed to be previous to the Confederation of the Provinces of Canada, party politics were not drawn on the same lines as at present, but Confederation was then a burning question, and hot and bitter battles were fought through the press and in the political arena, and while there was little bloodshed, they were none the less exciting.

The office of the *Era* was on one of the principal streets, and across the way was that of the *Herald*. The entrance to the *Era* was up a narrow flight of stairs, the office being on the second flat; the printing department in rear of the editorial room, which faced the street. The *Herald* occupied the lower flat of the building opposite.

As Joshua made his entrance to the printing office in company with the foreman, the gentle breezes of August were wafting the smoke from a rather low chimney opposite through the open window, and nearly blinding the compositors. It had been an even question among them as to which kind of death would be preferable—to be suffocated with the smoke, or roasted to death with the heat; the advent of the foreman closed the argument in favor of roasting, so Joshua was sent to close down the window.

Whether it was the effect of the tears in his eyes, caused by the smoke, or his too great zeal to be useful, it is impossible to say, but in rushing to the window his foot caught the corner of a poster form, locked in a chase, which was standing against a post, knocking it down and distributing it promiscuously underneath several type-stands. In his anxiety to avoid stepping on any of the scattering type, he bounced backwards, striking against a galley of nonpareil advertising matter, and pieng about half a column of it.

Joshua gazed serenely on the destruction his zeal had caused, and ejaculated that immortal sentence, "Well, I'm blessed!"

The foreman, an elderly gentleman, with an extensive spot of bald on his head, and a pair of weak eyes protected by old-fashioned brass-rimmed spectacles, was over washing his hands at a stand in one corner of the room. Hearing the noise of the scattering type, he rushed in the direction of the window, and stumbled over a case of minion which was left on a chair while one of the hands was blowing out the dust from the boxes, upsetting the case and nearly breaking his neck.

This second calamity following so close upon the first seemed to be the last straw necessary. After getting himself out of the tangle with the minion case, the foreman took off his spectacles, rubbed the smoke off them on the sleeve of his shirt, drew his hands across his eyes to dispose of any surplus moisture which might have accumulated from the effects of the smoke, put on his spectacles again, and then mildly gazed down on the general disorder on the floor.

There are times, eminent scholars have said, when the English language will not entirely express the shade of meaning desired by the speaker. If ever there were such times, this was one of them. He gazed at the floor, and from thence to the compositors, who in return gazed blankly from him to the floor.

Few and short were the words they said
And they spoke not a word of sorrow.
But devoutly wished that the matter was dead.
And not have to be printed to-morrow.

Nothing abashed by the disturbance he had created, Joshua had made his way to the window without any further mishap other than overturning a kettle of paste, used for putting up posters, which began running over the floor in all directions. This, however, was of such small consequence that no attention was paid to it. After some difficulty he succeeded in pulling down the window, breaking only one pane of glass with his elbow in the effort.

Without uttering a word the compositors, one by one, gently slid down from their high chairs, reached for their hats and coats, and silently filed out of the office, leaving the foreman still gazing at the pi on the floor and murmuring "Well! well!" in a dazed sort of way.

Now an ordinary boy would have quietly stepped around behind one of the type stands, and waited for an opportunity to slide out of the door, but that was not the kind of a boy our Joshua was. Pulling off his coat, he mounted one of the chairs lately vacated by a com-

positor, and hung his coat and cap on a nail. He then marched over to where the foreman was still gazing at the litter, and remarked that he "supposed the first thing to do would be to get to work and straighten things up."

The foreman removed his spectacles, and glancing over our hero, from his boots upwards, said:

"Strange that one so young and innocent looking, should be so destructive."

"Say, boss," said Joshua, "where have the other chaps gone to?"

"I suppose they have gone to drown their sorrows in the flowing bowl, or themselves in the river, but say, what in goodness name are you trying to do with that copy off the cases?"

"Gein' to wipe up this paste, in course! That ain't any good, is it?"

"Well, I never! You just put that copy right back where you got it, and don't touch a thing until I tell you to. Young man, if you keep on making the commotion in the world that you have begun to-day in this office, your career will be of a most exciting nature. Do you know, sir, that it will take hours, hours, sir, to repair what you have destroyed in five minutes. Now you move those feet of yours around most gently and work your way over into that dark corner, and you will find a pile of old papers, bring some of them here and we'll gather up this pi, and wipe up the paste. There is a consolation that the only thing there, is the newspaper press, and I doubt if you can knock that over."

His long speech, and particularly the last idea appeared to tickle the foreman, for his countenance cleared up somewhat, and after rubbing his spectacles again, and scratching his head, he got a sponge and wet the galley of nonpareil, and made an effort to save what he could of it.

Joshua went as he was bidden, and seeing a bunch of papers tacked together, and with a stick along the back, hanging on a nail in the rear of the press, he pulled them

down, and lugging them over to the pile of pi on the floor, was just about to tear a number of them off the sticks, when the foreman glanced down at him.

"STOP!" he fairly yelled. "THAT IS OUR FILE! Great Scott! I never saw such a youngster as you in all my born days. If you keep on in the way you have started for another day, you will bust up the whole office. Go and hang those papers right up in the place you got them, and don't you lay your hands on them again. The papers you are to have are in a box in the corner."

With an injured look, Joshua returned to the corner with the file, but as he had pulled out the nail holding them up, he had some trouble finding another. At last he spied one just over the wash-stand, which had been used to hang the towel on, and he thereupon climbed on the stand and essayed to hang the loop over the nail.

Before explaining the peculiarities of a printing office wash-stand, a few words as regards a printing office towel will be in order. About as good an idea as could be expressed can be gained from the following conversation which took place in a printing office:—

"Yes," responded the proprietor, with considerable feeling, "Brown was a good printer, I am afraid we shall find some difficulty to fill his place."

"I suppose we ought to attach something to the door in the shape of a badge of mourning for a little while," suggested the editor, "I know just the thing."

"What is it?" asked the proprietor.

"The printing office towel."

His opinion was that it would be black enough to do for crape, and it is in the majority of country offices.

A printing office wash-stand is never a very substantial arrangement in its most balmy days; in the majority of cases it is nothing but a dilapidated tin pan set in the corner of a broken down type rack, this was a shade better than the latter style.

No sooner had Joshua got nicely balanced on it and

ready to reach up with the papers, than it caved in and down he tumbled into a pail of dirty water, upsetting it and turning the wash-dish on his head, making a most unearthly clatter.

On hearing the racket, the foreman gave such a start that his spectacles flew off, and fell on the floor breaking the rim and one of the glasses. Hurriedly picking up the pieces, he rushed over to the corner exclaiming, "Hanged if he hasn't broken the old press after all! Dear me, dear me!"

The sight which showed up when he got around the type stand in line with the scene of carnage was so ludicrous that he had to stop and laugh, mad as he was. Joshua sat in the middle of a small lake of dirty water, pieces of the wash-stand on both sides of him, the basin in his lap, and grasping tightly the file in one hand, while with the other he was fishing a bar of "welcome" soap from between his vest and shirt, where it had fallen in his ignominious descent.

"I'm glad it wasn't the old press anyway, as I have a kind of lingering horror of working the papers off on the hand press; but, my boy, as there seems to be a fatality about this morning, and as we have had sufficient excitement to last us for some time, suppose we close up shop and have some dinner."

Joshua extricated himself from his surroundings, and nothing loath, donned his coat and hat and departed for home, his ardor for the printing business, like his clothing, pretty well dampened.

CHAPTER III.

FOR THE HONOR OF THE OFFICE. A SECOND ENCOUNTER
IN WHICH JOSHUA DOES NOT COME OUT SO WELL.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Joshua sauntered into the printing office, with his hands in his pockets, a very black looking eye, blood freely sprinkled over his shirt front, and a generally demoralized appearance.

The foreman glanced over his spectacles as he opened the door and followed him with his eyes as he proceeded to hang up his coat. After the coat was off he presented a still more dilapidated condition. One sleeve of his shirt was torn up to his shoulder and the cuff gone completely off the other one; his vest was ripped up the back, and there was a large sized rent in one leg of his trousers. He did not walk with that alacrity characteristic of the boy, but shuffled along as though it was painful to touch one foot upon the floor.

Walking up to the foreman in a hesitating kind of way and with his eyes on the floor, he asked, "Well sir! what shall I do next?"

"See here, young man, what does all this mean? How did you come to get in such a disgraceful condition? Have you been run over by a fire engine or did you fall into a steam thrasher?" and the foreman lifted up his spectacles and glanced severely down on the lad.

"No sir! nuther of 'em; I've been havin' my first experience of the power of the press, sir."

"Power of your grand-mother, what do you mean by the power of the press."

"Yes, sir, 'power of the press' sir; leastwise that's

what he said. Yes, sir! and if I look anyways damaged you should just order see the other feller," and Joshua straightened himself up and looked as heroic as a bleeding nose would let him.

"See here, boy, you have been fighting and we can't have any such characters around this office. You'll never make a printer anyway. You have done enough damage around here this morning to keep us busy for two days, and now you have been away three hours, disgracing yourself and the office. It won't do! it won't do. Just you walk into the editorial room and tell the boss we don't want, or we won't have you here for love or money; and the foreman adjusted his new spectacles closer to his eyes, and turned to the case at which he had been working.

"Yes sir, all right, but I didn't propose having that *Herald* bill paster, call you an *Era*-tic old bum, if I knew it!" and he turned partly around.

"EH! what is that he called me?"

"Yes sir, and he said I was a nice looking pill to be a type-slinger, and that the printers in our office should be given a chromo with a gilt frame for proficiency in the art of chewing tobacco and drinking whiskey! All right, I can go home but there'll be the satisfaction of knowing he won't be able to get around for a week anyway!" and Joshua moved over to where his jacket was hung up and deliberately drew it on and limped towards the door.

"Say! just hold on a minute, probably I may have spoken too hastily," observed the foreman quietly, "here are ten cents, you can just run down and get the worth of it in candy. I guess you needn't say anything to the boss about leaving this time. You have been away a good while and have given us considerable trouble but if that boy made those observations, and you licked him, why it puts a different phase on the story. You must see that this irregularity does not occur again, at least-er-um, we—we don't want you to back out of any affair in a cowardly manner —

see—of course you should always remember that the honor of the office must be upheld, but don't repeat this thing too often. When you come back with that candy, you can wash your face and hands and one of the boys will brush you off, and pin you together, so that you will be somewhat presentable," and the foreman smiled down benignantly on our hero, and even condescended to pat his frowzy head.

The rest of that day Joshua was a hero with the compositors. It was enough to know that he had fought and won for their honor, and that of the office.

The late 'devil,' a lad of about sixteen, offered his assistance in gathering up the pi, and showing Joshua where the cloths and old papers were, so between the two of them the office was fixed in pretty good shape before the afternoon closed.

The foreman in the meantime had gone in and recited the circumstances of the day to the editor, and they had a hearty laugh over Joshua's first day's experience, and the discomfiture of the *Herald* office at the defeat of their champion.

The next morning the poster was set up again, and worked off on the hand-press, and Joshua was sent out to put up twenty-five bills about the town. A new supply of paste had been made and with the bills under his arm, the paste kettle in his hand, and a lump of taffy in his mouth he sauntered gaily forth into the bright, glad sunshine of that August morning to fulfil his destiny.

He had been told to put his bills up where others had been posted and he scrupulously carried out his orders. Whenever he would come to a place where others had been, he would carefully post over them. Not finding a sufficient number of places of that description, he posted the remaining ones on fences or gates, in fact, anywhere he could find a smooth place that he could put them on easily.

After finishing the job, he had some time left before the dinner hour, so he strolled towards the river. Several boys were in swimming, among them a number of his late

schoolmates. The heat of the day, the cool appearance of the water and the earnest invitation of the boys had a constraining influence over him, so depositing his kettle near a log, and divesting himself of his clothes, he plunged into the cooling stream.

While disporting himself in the limpid waters, who should he spy on shore, sorting over his garments, but his late antagonist, Small Pica, of the *Herald* office. A plentiful application of water, and the dexterous use of the needle had created quite a reformation in his appearance.

Gathering up our hero's clothes and clutching the paste kettle, with a sardonic grin and a derisive motion of his hand he rushed down the bank and dipped the bundle in the water; then with it under his arm he ran up the bank and towards the town, leaving Joshua making frantic efforts to gain the shore.

Nothing had been left but a paper collar; verily an adding of insult to injury.

Here was a dilemma indeed. Half a mile from home, with nothing but a paper collar, and a dirty one at that.

One of his companions offered to go home and procure for him a suit of clothes, and after charging him not to let his mother know anything of the matter Joshua composed himself on a log to await developments.

Small Pica, in the meantime, had made a bundle of our hero's garments, and tying a note to them, sent them with the paste kettle to the *Era* office, where their appearance created a most profound impression. The note attached read as follows:—

"Al that is merrle of joss bangs esquire the patent lire and champion ple-maker of the *ERE* office."

There could be no doubt about the clothes having once been Joshua's, for were not here the same soiled shirt and torn pantaloons; and the paste kettle had knocked around the office too long, not to be a familiar object to all.

Had really some dire calamity happened to Joshua thus early in his typographical career; or was it only a practical joke? What meant these saturated garments and this badly scribbled note? What had become of the boy who but an hour ago had gone forth in such jubilant spirits?

The foreman silently wiped his spectacles—a habit he had when particularly affected—and picking up the bundle walked into the private office. The editor was striking off a leader on “The Demoralization of the anti-confederation party” and did not notice the silent entrance of Mr. Muffins, the foreman, (Mr. Muffins always did everything silently), till at length he glanced up and caught the distressed look of that gentleman.

“What’s up, Muffins; anything gone wrong inside? Boy been raising Cain again?”

“No, Sir! I’m afraid he’ll never raise Cain any more. Look at the last remnant of a forlorn hope,” and the foreman deposited the aforesaid bundle on one chair and himself in another, in a weary, disconsolate sort of way. “Do you know sir, that boy has woven himself around my heart, and I felt almost like a second father to him,” and Muffins sighed deeply and thought of the widow and her cottage.

The editor read the note, and looked over the things. “What on earth has become of the boy, do you suppose Muffins?” Come brace up, don’t look so sorrowful, and give us your opinion.”

“That is what I came up to see you about sir. Do you suppose he’s drowned?”

“Drowned? No! that boy is born to be hung and you could not find water enough in the vicinity of Swamptown to cover that head of his. He’ll turn up all right I’ll bet a five cent cigar, but just when, and how, I am not prepared to say.”

Just then a shout was heard from the printing office and among the murmur of voices could plainly be recognized that squeaky voice of Joshua’s.

"Go and bring the young imp in here, and let us see where he's been anyway," said the editor. Muffins retired and in a few moments returned with Joshua by the ear.

Such an appearance as he presented as he stood in the office door. The editor, foreman and printers could not restrain their mirth at the sight of him.

Joshua's friend had succeeded in getting a suit of clothes, such as they were, but as they had been previously worn by Simpson, Sr.,—father of the boy—and had seen some pretty hard usage, they were not exactly suitable for a wedding.

The pants were about fourteen inches too long, and correspondingly large around the body. The coat, homespun, and very much gone in several sections, reached down to our hero's knees and the vest had but two buttons on it, and was lashed around with a piece of cord. The hat was of straw and much damaged by the wear and tear of time.

After the mirth had somewhat subsided, Joshua was interviewed as to the cause of so much old junk being in the vicinity, and he, in a mournful tone told of his morning's experience. Considering that he had undergone such rough treatment and had been tanned so dark as to be almost unrecognizable he was forgiven, and sent to change his clothes, for as he graphically expressed it "there was nothing but an old rusty horsenail between him and exposure!"

CHAPTER IV.

THOSE POSTERS.—HIS VISITING CARD.—HE IS THE VICTIM
OF A JOKE.—DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

Quietness once more reigned in the *Era* office. Nothing disturbed the beautiful serenity of the occasion, except the purring of a dilapidated cat which Joshua had rescued from starvation in the garret, and which he considered his own personal property. The click, click, click of the type as they dropped in the sticks of the compositors was music to the foreman's ear, and his face beamed with benevolence and perspiration as he endeavored to decipher a piece of manuscript copy on the "Destruction of the Grass hopper."

While all was tranquilly gliding on, Joshua being diligently at work behind a type-rack sewing on a button, a heavy tread was heard at the bottom of the stairs. With deliberation in every step the party advanced to the landing and gave a knock at the door, with such force as to pie the last line in the sticks held by the compositors.

Joshua hastily put aside his tailoring apparatus and opened the door. A man, weighing about 250 lbs., with a voice like a fog horn and a fist like a sledge hammer, demanded to know where the man was that run that show anyway.

Our hero informed him quietly that the editor was out, but if there was anything he could do for him, he would be most happy.

"See here, young man; maybe you're the very party I want. Some infernal imp of satan has gone and posted an "Auction Sale" bill on my front gate, and I want to find him and make an example of him; and the man

ground his teeth together, and stamped around, frightening the cat, and making every one feel uneasy.

The man that hesitates is lost; Joshua appeared to think so at least, and after taking in the man's eye and the size of his foot, without any hesitation he said that it must have been the 'devil' of the *Herald* office as he saw him putting up bills that morning.

The man bumped along down stairs with blood in his eye, and a plug of tobacco in his mouth, in search of the "devil" of the *Herald*.

The foreman glanced at Joshua over his spectacles as he moved around behind the type-stand to continue his tailoring business, but did not say anything.

Click, click, click! the type fell again sharply into their places, a slight shuffle was heard at the bottom of the stairs, and suddenly a sharp rap was given on the door, which made all hands start again.

Joshua slid out from behind the stand but before he could get to the door it was shoved open and the editor of the *Herald* strode in. Shaking his fist at Joshua he delivered himself something in this wise:

"You young imp of Satan you. I have half a mind to pound you so your mother wouldn't know you. You have gone around town and posted your confounded 'Auction Sale' over every one of our 'Tea Meeting' bills, and we can't find one in the whole town that is not covered up. Do you know, sir, do you know that you are liable to a fine, sir, a fine, and to imprisonment for life sir, imprisonment for life; and you ought to be hanged sir, hanged, and if I catch you doing the like again, I'll flog you, sir, flog you within an inch of your life," and with a w-h-e-w that set Joshua's teeth on edge and the smell of brimstone through the office, he banged the door and swooped down stairs, overturning a man who was just entering below with a communication on the "Advance of Science," knocking all the science out of him and his article, and making him see more stars than he had seen for many a day.

The foreman glanced over his spectacles again, and directed his conversation to our hero.

"Young man, I am afraid you are going to get yourself into trouble on account of the manner in which you put those bills up. You will have to be more careful in future not to cover any bills which have been lately posted.

All was silence again. The cat jumped up on the window sill and began diligently catching flies, much to the amusement of Spuds. Joshua's tailoring job was about concluded. The hands were hot and tired. Thump, thump, thump, and a person came up the stair, four steps at a time and burst into the office. It was the editor of the *Era*. He rushed over to Muffins excitedly exclaiming:

"See here, Muffins, this thing's got to be stopped. That infernal walking chromo of the *Herald* has pasted an 'Auction Sale' poster on my new fence, and before a week the place will be completely covered with handbills. We shall have to put a stop to this business and we might as well commence first as last. I feel just like going over and annihilating their whole office. I believe he was put up to it by the hands. Joshua! go over to the *Herald* office and tell them if they ever post another bill on my fence I'll bring an action for damages against them and skin their boy alive in the bargain!" and the editor rushed into his private office and dashed off an article on the "Destructive tendency of the Small Boy."

"You had better take a walk around to the grocery, young man, and get four or five pounds of flour for paste, and I think by the appearance of things that we shall have to send somebody along with you to keep you out of mischief," remarked the foreman.

Joshua had hardly got to the bottom of the stairs when Jim, degenerated looking individual with a heavy display of paper collar and a thin voice cautiously ascended the stairs and gently tapped at the printing office door. The call was answered by Spuds, the ex-devil, who inquired of the visitor his business.

"Ah! my fine fellah! I believe you are, ah! the personage designated as the, ah, devil of the printing office, ah?" said he with the extensive collar.

"No! devil's out on an errand!"

"Ah! yes, you don't tell me! Dear me, ah! why you look black enough to be the devil himself, ah! Quite a joke, ah! but when that, ah! imp of darkness shows up, will you kindly ask him for me, ah! to desist in future from pasting bills on my barn, ah! in future, if you please. I am ah! a well known resident of Tomato Can Alley and I don't appreciate these little courtesies, ah!"

Struck the wrong place, sir, office over the way sir, always posting up bills where they hadn't ought to, or not posting them up at all. Yes sir, ah! happy to see you again sir, ah, at any time!" and he bowed him out with the greatest politeness conceivable.

Joshua shortly after returned with the flour, and was instructed by Spuds in the mysterious art of making printing office paste. Spuds by this time considered himself a full fledged journeyman now that he had some one to boss around.

Our hero did not take very readily to the making of this preparation and spilled considerable on the stove, filling the air with an odor of burnt flour. He found it warm work on that sultry August afternoon, and was very much pleased when six o'clock came and all hands knocked off, for the day.

The next morning Joshua got around bright and early, opened up, and swept out the office. After he had finished sweeping and dusting, he looked around to see what there was to amuse himself with. Celtic, the cat, named on account of her slim proportions, was sunning herself on a window sill, and sleepily watching for flies. Not a very nutritious diet one would imagine, still one quite congenial to the taste of the feline tribe.

Joshua had been thinking the day before that a person in his position should have some visiting cards, so he made a tour of the office to find a style of type that

would suit his fancy. He had some trouble in making out the various kinds, but at last found a letter he could tell quite easily. Getting down one of the job sticks which he had seen Spuds using the day before, he set up his card. The following is a correct copy, the way it looked, and the letter it was in:

joshUa bAngS; əsq-

and which he was working at when Spuds came in. He undertook to fix up a case for our hero, and gave him his first lesson showing him where the boxes were, and how to hold the stick.

In a little while the compositors began dropping in; the foreman did not make a habit of getting around as early as the rest of the printers.

Spuds went over to one of the printers and an animated conversation took place, ending with the remark "we'll have to borrow one from the *Herald* office!", returning to Joshua, he said:

"See here, Josh, run over to the *Herald* and ask Simpson, you'll know him by his melancholy walk and the size of his feet, to lend us their italic chase. We can't put these forms to press without it; and tell them to hurry up."

Joshua put on his cap and coat, and walking over to the *Herald* office delivered his message. On explaining his errand, Simpson had talked a short time with the hands, Joshua presumed with the intention of seeing whether they would lend the desired article. They evidently came to the conclusion to do so, for two of them retired to a back room and soon emerged with a heavy parcel neatly wrapped up in stout paper.

Our hero was cautioned to handle it very gently, as an italic chase was a very delicate thing, and if it got broken, the *Era* office would have to be responsible. Joshua, duly impressed, grasped the parcel, but found himself just able to lift it. Nothing daunted, he tried

again, he could not, however, resist stopping a moment to make a face at Small Pica, who was grinning from behind a type rack. After some trouble he managed to get as far as the door, and then took a slight rest while he was opening it. Another effort, and he got it across the street and at the foot of the *Era* office stairs, but here he had to stop and draw breath again. Step by step he worked up the stairway, fearful that he might fall. At last he got to the door, and opening it struggled into the printing office, with the perspiration pouring down his face in small rivulets; and laid the parcel at the feet of the foreman, who had come in during his absence.

"Well, Joshua! what have you got there?" observed Mr. Muffins. "You appear to have had a heavy lug of it."

"Had to go over to that plaguey *Herald* office for their italic chase, as ours is sprung so we can't lock up the forms; I was awfully afraid I'd bust the whole thing in getting up stairs. W-h-e-w!" And Joshua fanned himself with a piece of old manuscript copy on "The Last Arctic Expedition," and seemed relieved to think it was all over.

"Italic chase?" said the foreman; "Pshaw! somebody's been making a fool of you, my boy. Just open it and let us see what you have got anyway."

Spuds came forward with a pair of scissors, and a particular anxiety to officiate. The strings were cut, the paper unrolled, and there lay—the side of an old stove.

That afternoon our hero was set to work running off a form on the Gordon job press. It was a small label, and Spuds gave him instructions meanwhile as to the way the press worked, how to feed in the paper and the manner in which to take them off. Telling him to work along slowly at first until he got used to it, Spuds left him and went about some other work. He got along quite well until he had them about half off, when he missed feeding one down to the ganges, and in the flurry of endeavoring to straighten it, the plate and the bed of the press came together, catching three of his fingers and giving them a bad jam.

He gave a howl as he saw the blood, which brought the compositors quickly to the spot, and Spuds had his hands full for a while binding up and doctoring him. The hurt was so serious, and our hero looked so glum over it, that Spuds was sent home along with him for fear he might faint on the road. As an antidote to the pain, Spuds invested in some taffy, and with tears in his eyes and molasses candy between his teeth, Joshua and his companion moved along down to the river to cool off, instead of towards home.

On arriving at the shore, they discovered an old catamaran that had been abandoned by some one who had been using it for gathering drift-wood.

"I say, Josh!" said Spuds, "suppose we get on the catamaran, you can sit at one end and I'll pole it along down stream, and we'll have a beautiful sail."

Suiting the action to the word, they got on the raft, which was nothing but two logs spiked together by a couple of boards, and were soon gaily sailing down stream. The current was quite strong, and they went along at a good speed.

"Say, Spuds, don't you think we had better not keep out so far from shore? You may lose bottom with that pole."

"Oh! it is not deep here," and Spuds shoved down the pole again, but failed to find bottom, and came near tumbling off. With a blank look he faced our hero.

"My gracious, Josh, we're in for it this time, and we are drifting out farther every minute."

This was a predicament indeed. They had floated below the town, and it was getting late in the afternoon. Spuds was expected back to the office to complete some work and close up, but there did not appear much hope for a rescue that night, unless they should meet some boatman on his way to or from town.

Joshua used his well hand as best he could as a paddle, and Spuds made frantic efforts with his pole, but the current kept drifting them towards the centre of the

river, all the while. Both could swim, and could have easily gained the shore, but Joshua was afraid to make the attempt with his crushed hand, and Spuds, waving his pole aloft in one hand, and spreading out the palm of the other No. 10, dramatically exclaimed, "Leave thee? never! Hanged if I do."

They drifted along for about two hours, and at last ran into a boom, which was nearly full of lumber. It was with very great difficulty they kept on their small raft when it struck the boom; as it was, both got thoroughly drenched.

"Well! Josh, I believe we're in a worse plight than ever. Here we are a quarter of a mile out in the river, darkness coming on and eight or ten miles from home. We'll just have to make a run of it over the loose logs. And Spuds wrung the water out of his cap, shivered, and endeavored to look religious.

With one at each end of the pole they began picking their way over the wet, slippery logs, and had many narrow escapes before they succeeded in reaching shore.

The ten mile walk into town was particularly disagreeable, but at about twelve o'clock they arrived home, wet, tired, and a sick looking couple of urchins.

The parents of the boys were greatly distressed at their absence, as on making inquiries nothing could be ascertained as to their whereabouts after they had left the office. There was indeed rejoicing in the home of Joshua at the prodigal's return.

To follow out the history of our hero and recount the many scrapes, and the mischief he got into while serving his time in the *Era* would take books in itself,—his joy at being allowed to set up an article for the paper, and how elated his mother was at seeing it in print, although it was only a medical notice; the printing ink he got daubed over his clothes, and how she scolded at that, all experiences of his youthful days in a printing office—experiences well known to every boy who has learned the printing trade.

Having shown a few of the many difficulties and trials our hero was subjected to in the office, it will now be the effort to give a short history of him as a reporter.

CHAPTER V.

CHANGE OF SCENE.—JOSHUA BECOMES A REPORTER.—
INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE EDITOR.—HIS FIRST
ARTICLE.—SMITH'S GOAT.

Joshua was still in the printing office. For some years or more he had occupied the subordinate office in which humble capacity he had been diligently making mischief, and to which the last few chapters have been devoted. A change was made, another boy came under him and he was given steady work at the case.

One day, after he had been at the office some five years, while working away at a hard piece of copy on "the Desire for a change of Government," the editor, whose name by the way was Zedekiah Jones, called Joshua into the private office. On entering our hero was accosted as follows:

"See here, Joshua, you are a pretty bright kind of a chap although you are young, and I think I'll give you a little bit of a change. Johnson our reporter has gone home sick and he may not be back for a week or so, and possibly he may not want his job any longer, anyway; I wonder if you can't knock around town and get what's going on. If you like to try it, you can get your copy up and I'll look over it before it goes to the case and I guess we can make out all right between us. You can work in the printing office for three days out of the week, and the other three you can try your hand at reportorial work.

Well what do you say about it?" and the editor pulled out a two-for-five-cents cigar—that is about the brand editors use when they buy them themselves—and made frantic efforts to draw smoke through it.

Joshua said he had no objections to making a trial and was given a memorandum book and pencil, with instructions to report for work next morning.

On returning to the printing office from his interview with the editor, he was accosted by Spuds, who still stuck to the old office.

"What makes you look so glum, did you get the 'grand bounce' at last, old fellow?"

"No, I've got Johnson's place for part of the time, and I'm to knock off to-morrow and go out after news," replied Joshua, bracing up and looking as proud as a boy with his first pair of high boots.

"What! you don't mean to tell me so! How on earth did he ever come to get you I wonder."

"Oh, I suppose he thought I'd likely make it as lively for the readers of the *Era*, as I have for the hands in the office. I say! you just wait until you see some of the copy I send in to you. I'll bet you will open your eyes with fear and trembling when you get hold of it," and Joshua jammed a lead-pencil over his ear and tried to look interesting. Oh! but won't I just write up the society news.

"Joshua, my friend, I am really sorry for you. You must know by this time that I think considerable of you, but I see this finishes you up completely. My dear fellow, you needn't try to throw on so much style at the beginning of your reportorial career. You will have to dye that hair of yours, paint over those freckles, take a slice off your feet and wear oat meal poultices on your hands at night for a month at least, before they ever would let you into a respectable house at all without it was in the kitchen, and then they'd watch you as though you were a tramp. No use, Joshua, that mouth of yours would give you away anywhere. The

vacancy you were expected to fill in this world was breaking stones on the road or cutting cord-wood. That's your proper sphere in life and you will have to strike your level sooner or later. There is no doubt, in my mind now that the *Herald* was right when it said the boss was an old imbecile and should be sent over to the asylum," and Spuds turned to his case, disgusted with our hero, the editor, and everybody and everything in general.

"You just keep cool Spuds and allow your hair to grow, and when I get driving around with my span I shall not forget you."

"Span! humph—now look here Josh, be candid. Suppose now that houses were selling for ten cents each, could you actually take a mortgage on a shingle. Come now ain't you just as hard up as that."

"Well, Spuds, there is no doubt you are pretty near right, but then you see I am speaking of the future—the future, my apoplectic friend," and Joshua drew out his memorandum book and made several hieroglyphics in it.

The next morning Joshua repaired to Mr. Jones for instructions and was given some general hints about reporting.

"Now my boy, there are a few things I want to tell you, which will come in handy and save you having to learn them by experience. Above all things, never allow the *Herald* to get an item before our paper—always give the clearest and most minute account of local events bringing in the names of the parties concerned. Never hesitate to put the facts down just as they occur. These are a few points to begin with and I will instruct you farther as you get along. Your experience in the office will give you all the ideas you require about your copy etc. Try and write so as the hands can decipher it."

Joshua took a walk around town, inquired of several persons if there was 'anything new going on,' but the only thing out of the common he could see was a dog-fight. He returned to the office just before twelve o'clock, and as

the editor was out he dropped into the printing office for a chat with his bosom friend, Spuds.

"Well!" said that personage, "you look quite fine with your Sunday clothes on. I suppose things have been pretty brisk outside to-day. Let's hear what you have picked up anyway and possibly I may give you some suggestions. *Genius* can never criticise its own doings you know."

"The fact is Spuds, there's not very much going on anyway. Let me see," and our hero pulled out his memorandum book, puckered up his forehead, and tried to look as though he was in deep thought; "Let me see! Oh yes:

'Measles are very prevalent.'

"WHAT, never," shouted Spuds, "you don't mean to say you're going to perpetrate *that* on the boss. Why we've got that on a stereotyped block and run it in to fill up the columns with. See here, Joshua, don't you do it—don't you do it. If you get that off on the boss he'll put you back on the case this afternoon, and I don't believe in the retrograde movement plan. Scratch it out, by all means, scratch it out; take a friend's advice. A friend who has stuck closer than a poor relation;" and Spuds looked down on our hero from his seat on a high stool, and put on a countenance of the deepest melancholy.

"Well I guess I'll take your advice, but do you know, Spuds, news is awful scarce, and I've got to have something. How does this strike you:—

Mrs. Maloney's children are laid up with the whooping-cough. This lady is a poor widow who supports herself and children by the laudable occupation of taking in washing and going out scrubbing. This is indeed a dire affliction on the family. Any assistance would be gratefully received.

Spuds scratched his head and looked wise. "Say! this is some of your *society* news, eh! I'm afraid the boss will scratch that out as being too common. Better write it over again Josh, and work in the item in a more smooth

manner. "Now how would this strike you," and Spuds leaned over and took the pencil from behind Joshua's ear and turning over the piece of copy he was setting, wrote on the back of it.

THE TRIALS OF A LONE WIDOW.

"We feel deeply to regret the sad affliction which has lately befallen one of our most respected and highly esteemed families. While apparently enjoying the best of health, the children of Mrs. Maloney, of Dog Lane, were suddenly attacked by that dreadful and fell disease—whooping cough. At all hours of the day and night do their youthful voices raise in harmony to whoop out their distress. Truly a pitiable sight. The poor widow bears up remarkably well under her trials, and still attends to her manifold duties with patience and diligence. She can be depended upon for doing as good a job as ever in the laundrying and doing up of gentlemen's underwear. With a disposition truly angelic she bears up under this heavy tribulation, and can be procured by the day or week to cleanse the apartments of any who need her services. All charges moderate. Business attended to with neatness and despatch."

"Now Josh" said Spuds holding the copy up before him and reading it off with great gusto. "Now I think that hits the idea off just about as you want it. I pride myself on the fact that this is a piece of news and that it embraces also a puff. If you have two old shirts and a handkerchief, I have no doubt Mrs. Maloney would reciprocate—see. Yours' is all very well but you have not extended enough."

I am afraid Spuds that it is too long. The boss told me to go into particulars but I don't think his idea was to enlarge on such common subjects. I believe I'll risk him on mine.

"Well you'll miss it," growled Spuds, "but go ahead. What's your next item?"

"Mr. Hardtack has opened a Drug Store on Centre Street, and is making a very fine display in his shop windows."

"Never do in the world, Josh; old Hardtack is going to advertise in the *Herald* and you must write an item that will bring that advertisement to us. The boss'll object

to any free advertising without he sees a chance of getting a return. You'll have to change that. Now just listen to this, my boy, and Spuds dug away at the paper for a few moments, then read off the following effusion:

REMARKABLE ENTERPRISE.

In passing along Centre Street we were pleased to notice a new attraction in that vicinity. A gentleman of means and taste, has fitted up a Drug Store, and by the handsomely displayed fronts it is well seeing the proprietor proposes to make it the attraction of that thoroughfare. The gentleman is known to be endowed with those rare qualities, prompt attention to business, and the knowledge of the benefits of advertising. He proposes through the press and otherwise to extensively make known his many medicinal remedies, and to thus increase his already large premises. We wish him every success in his endeavour to encourage trade and promote the prosperity and happiness of our thriving little community.

"Now I flatter myself, Josh, that here you have the necessary soft soap literature to insure a standing advertisement. While his name is not actually given, still he will know it was for him, and he will walk around in the blissful belief that he is all that that puffs him up to be. Put it in by all means Josh, my boy, and casually drop in this afternoon and block him for a box of cigars. He'll bite like a bass.

"I'll think it over, Spuds; don't you think it a little extended though, but how does this strike you?"

DOG FIGHT.—A dog fight occurred at the corner of Goose Alley and Herring Street. A crowd soon gathered, and for a few moments there was quite a lively time in that vicinity. The dogs were finally separated by Miss McHolligan throwing a pan of dish water over them.

"Won't do at all, Josh." You go in the private office and write that dog-fight up in a more extended style give the particulars about the dogs and the dish-water and it will please the boss, who is quite a sporting character you know. He likes particulars and—pickles, so make it minute and sharp." Just here the foreman who had been noticing their animated conversation started over in the direction of the stand they were at, and Spuds grabbed his stick, and made a show as though he was working hard.

Joshua read the dog-fight article over again and concluded that possibly he might improve it, so he retired to the office and wrote it up in a slightly extended manner. He had just finished it when the editor came in. Mr. Jones pulled off his coat and depositing himself in a chair, produced another of his cheap cigars.

"Well, Joshua, what luck have you had this morning, my boy? and he lounged back in his chair and hoisted his feet on the desk—a position apparently quite comfortable, if not elegant.

"Have not had very good luck, sir; everything very quiet. I have made out a short list, sir, but they seem almost too common-place to put in the paper, sir!

"All the better for being common-place, Joshua, my boy. Our readers will understand them the easier, besides its better to begin in a humble manner than try to soar too high."

Joshua handed over the copy he had prepared and the editor glanced over it.

"Ain't much of it, is there Joshua? but you'll do better this afternoon."

"I have written out a short sketch of a dog fight that occurred down street this morning, sir, which I am a little doubtful of. Will you kindly look it over and see if it would do?"

Mr. Jones reached for another match to get his cigar under way, and read the article while Joshua awaited his opinion with considerable anxiety.

▲ BITTER COMBAT.

GREAT REBELLION IN GOOSE ALLEY.—HEBBIKING STREET IN A FUROR.

The residents in the vicinity of this well known locality were thrown in a state bordering on frenzy by a terrible combat which took place there yesterday morning. Two dogs of a mongrel breed, which were prowling around in search of old bones, were excited by the cries and demonstrations of certain urchins to grapple with each other with great fury. The cries of the boys and the snarling of the blood-thirsty canines soon drew a large number of spectators to the spot, who appeared to immensely enjoy the

desperate conflict. Subsequent inquiries showed that the black, and larger dog of the two, was the property of Mr. Fangle, the baker; and that the smaller, but apparently the most ravenous, belonged to Mr. Bungle, the butcher. Whether it was from the nature of Mr. Fangle's occupation we are not able to say, but it seems that his dog, although much larger, had a strong antipathy to taking part in the encounter, and was forced into it out of self defence rather than from desire. Mr. Bungle's dog, on the contrary, seemed to glory in the attraction they were causing, and snapped and snarled the louder. The fight continued for some time, none of the spectators showing any disposition to interfere. In fact some of them expressed a desire to offer wagers on the result, and we might observe in passing, that heavy odds were offered on Bungle's pup, but could find no takers. While the despicable affray was going on, and no one apparently evincing a disposition to interfere, a brave and noble woman, a very Grace Darling in her sphere in life, appeared in the person of Miss Bridget McHolligan, who, with a bravery rarely met in one of her sex, or in one so young, stepped into the circle of spectators and dexterously dashed a plentiful supply of dish water over the fighting animals. Whether they imagined they were being hauled up to a Free Lunch Counter, or that they were being supplied with Porpoise Hotel Soup, we are not prepared to give our opinion, but evidently the water was too much for them, for dropping their hold, they skulked away with their tails between their legs, and the crowd discovered they had business in other parts of the town.

"I am afraid, Joshua, that you are giving a dog-fight too much prominence, but as they happen so seldom around here and news is so scarce, and also as this is your first article of any length, why I guess we will run it in. Before you go out this afternoon you can hand it in to Spuds to set for to-morrow's paper. You had better run around home and get your dinner and then we'll see what there is going on for the afternoon."

After dinner Joshua took the copy out to Spuds who read it carefully over before making any remarks.

"Well, Josh, it ain't so bad; but if you had only read it over to me before you did to the boss I could have suggested many radical improvements, however, this will do for your first attempt. Where are you going this afternoon?"

"I haven't made up my mind. No place in particular. I guess. Probably I will knock around the block once or

twice and take a run around to the barber shops—barbers are the greatest gossips I know of—and get hold of whatever there may be going among them first, then I am open for engagements.”

“Not a bad idea, but I can put you in line for a good item. Tom Smith, one of the compositors in the *Herald*, invested this morning in a goat of the male persuasion and of the most virulent type. You make it a point to drop up that way this afternoon and if that goat gets any kind of a decent show he won’t disappoint you. I am pretty conversant with the breed and they are warranted to raise a row every time.”

“I guess I will take a run up that way and investigate. Do you know I wouldn’t wonder but there would be an item in that goat yet. Much obliged for the point.”

“Don’t mention it, Josh, old fellow, but be sure you take my advice—extend—extend, don’t cut your items so short. Your ideas are good enough, but they are like your trousers, imperfect—not extended enough, but I am in hopes that under my tuition you will develop into something of a reporter yet. By-by, and good luck.”

Joshua made a tour around town, visiting the barber shops, hotels and a number of places where he thought he could pick up news, but there appeared to be a scarcity of sentimental gossip going on that particular afternoon. He was beginning to get discouraged when he thought of Smith’s goat, and he shaped his course up town. He noticed as he reached the house that there appeared quite a commotion in the yard and he soon saw that by a considerable stretch of the imagination he could get a small item at least. His report as handed to the editor contained this account:

A FROLICKSOME GOAT.

AN UPTOWN GOAT ON THE RAMPAGE.—IS FINALLY SECURED.

Yesterday afternoon, as an *Era* reporter was crossing the road opposite Mr. V. Thomas Smith’s residence on Blissful street, he noticed that something more than usual was transpiring in that gentleman’s yard. Fearful that

there might be some person in trouble, he hurriedly crossed the road and entered the gate. Inside the yard quite a lively scene was being enacted.

It seems that a gentleman in the country had owed Mr. Smith a small account, which had been standing for some time. Mr. Smith had felt satisfied that his prospects of realizing on that bill were very small, and when the farmer offered to settle it by the transfer of a goat, he jumped at the bargain, believing he could dispose of the goat for more than the amount of the account. In this Smith showed that he did not know that farmer, and that he did not know that goat. It also had been stipulated in the bargain that the goat should be brought to town and delivered.

For the week previous to the delivery of the aforesaid animal, visions of porridge and goats' milk had been floating through the brain of the several members of the Smith family, and when the auspicious day came on which the goat was brought, their disappointment was great to find that it was not the kind of a goat that gives milk. However, the bargain had been made, and the farmer refused to take the goat back home again, so nothing else could be done than find some place to keep it until it could be disposed of. A rope had been secured around the animal's neck, and from that to a board in the fence, and he had been allowed about eight feet of slack rope to allow him to nibble at the grass in the corner of the yard.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Smith had left the goat, as he supposed, securely tied to the fence, while he came down town to attend to his duties at the *Herald* office. Mrs. Smith had viewed with pleasure the beauties of the day, and had concluded to make some soft soap, which had been long a matter of anxiety on the good lady's mind. She had got a leach barrel out in the yard on a bench, and as the yard was quite large, had made a fire in the centre of it and hung a pot over the flames to boil the lye. Everything had worked very finely in the morning. The leach barrel had turned out considerable lye, and in the afternoon after the Goodman of the house had departed she had started the fire. Up to this time the goat had been grazing away quietly in his own corner, the children having been particularly cautioned not to go near or tease him. The pot supported on two crooked sticks, was nearly filled with lye, and soon the fire had blazed up and heated it and it began boiling nicely. From the sight of the fire or the gusts of smoke which occasionally blew over in his direction, the goat began to get uneasy, and at last quite furious. The children ran into the house, but Mrs. Smith would not leave the sacred vicinity of her soft soap. At last, by continual working and jumping the goat broke the rope. The first thing he did was to butt over the kettle of lye, scalding himself severely, and burning himself in the fire, which only served to make him more ferocious. He chased Mrs. Smith around the yard several times, and that lady had to climb on the top of the leach barrel to get beyond his reach. When the reporter entered the yard she was perched on the top of the

barrel, with her feet in the ashes and a soap bone in each hand, wildly calling for help. The goat not content with butting over the large kettle of lye which was on the fire, had also knocked over that under the leach barrel, and the loss of the lye and her ignominious position combined to make her considerably irritated at the goat, who was now running things about as he pleased in the yard. The advent of the reporter was a sign for him to change his tactics, and he made a rush at that individual, who suddenly discovered that self-preservation was the first law of nature, and quickly slipped out of the gate, closing it after him. The velocity with which the goat struck the gate caused the removal of two panels, and his horns went completely through the aperture. The reporter quickly grasped the protruding horns and shouted lustily to Mrs. Smith to get in the house, which that good lady was nothing loath to do. With the assistance of some passers-by the goat was secured again and the yard righted up. Mrs. Smith proposes to boil the rest of the soap in the house, and to get clear of that goat immediately, if she has to hire two men to take it down to the river and drown it. There is every probability, however, that Mr. Smith's goat will be a source of more trouble than profit to that gentleman.

If it had been any other person than Smith, a member of the *Herald* office staff, there is every probability the article would have been rejected, but as it was a hit at some one on that obnoxious paper, it passed.

CHAPTER VI.

THAT LECTURE.—POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE.—AN INTERVIEW
WITH A NUMBER OF PROMINENT CITIZENS.

"There is going to be a lecture in the Town Hall to-night, Joshua, and I think you had better go down. You might hear something interesting that you can work up into an extended article. I haven't been able to get up very much this week. The speaker is a fellow they have imported from British Columbia, or some other outlandish place, and he is to talk for an hour or so on 'Women's Suffrage.' I can't give you anything extra for going, but I fully agree that you should have something handsome for sitting through such a dry proceeding. I think of going off in the country for a day to look after some delinquent subscribers, but I shall see all the proofs to-night, excepting your article on the meeting, which Mr. Muffins and you can read in the morning. You needn't hesitate to go for those fellows at the Hall to-night, if you think it worth while making it a little lively, but don't put in anything that will break the press. I know you will do the occasion justice," said the editor.

"Thank you, sir, for your good opinion. I shall be at the meeting and shall endeavor to give a good report."

Joshua retired to the printing office and interviewed Spuds about the meeting, and they concluded to attend in company. Spuds said he hadn't had a chance to sleep

much at night of late, and he thought it would be a good opportunity to work in two hours of calm repose.

That evening, attired in their best, they were at the Hall at the appointed time and took seats well up to the front.

Mr. Quills, the reporter for the *Herald*, had placed a table on the platform and had seated himself at it for the purpose of taking notes of the lecture.

Mr. Quills was a young man whose aspirations pointed towards the bar, and his toes did pretty often also, if one was to judge from the appearance of his rubicund countenance. It was very evident that Mr. Quills was highly impressed with the importance of the occasion, and also of the prominent and central figure he presented, and it was apparent that he imagined the speaker had been brought there expressly to give him (Quills) a chance to show off.

The report of the meeting as it appeared in next day's *Era* was materially different from that in the *Herald*.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

TWO HOURS OF MISERY, AND HOW THE AUDIENCE BORE UP UNDER THE TRIAL.

Last night Mr. Buncombe, who hails from the Sandwich Islands or some of the South American countries, and who it is presumed is pluming himself for some political ends, delivered a most paralyzing address to a fair audience in the Town Hall. A number of people were there whom one would be surprised to find at a gathering of this nature.

Mr. Quills of the *Herald*, was present, but how he got in when the admission was ten cents, is a question enshrouded in obscurity. Conjecture fails. He may have blocked his way in, a habit which has developed largely with him of late. Mr. Quills occupied a seat on the platform, the lecturer stood up. It was some time before the audience could entirely comprehend the nature of Mr. Quill's business on the platform. For a while they imagined he had taken the job of supplying the speaker with water, or of showing the ladies to seats, but then the fact of Mr. Quills' extraordinary aversion to water suggested the impossibility of the first hypothesis, and his bashfulness decided the other. We were afterwards informed that he was present in the capacity of a reporter, which information was a source of great relief, as we feared he might have the intention of also addressing the meeting.

The audience was not large but highly respectable; Mrs. McGarrity with her five children occupied the front bench.

The lecturer was a small man with a great extent of swallow-tail coat and white cuffs, and it was observable that every time Quills looked at those tails it seemed to wake him thirsty. However, we must say this much for him, that he did not go out "to see a man" throughout the whole evening, which in itself created no little surprise among the audience, particularly that part which knew him best.

The lecturer opened by passing a deserving tribute on the class of audience, and dwelt strongly on the intellectual appearance of the ladies present. He thought they all were desirous of having the franchise extended to embrace their sex. (A little disturbance was caused, just here, by some substance of a foreign nature dropping into the throat of the younger scion of the house of McGarrity, who had been taking in the show with great serenity and open mouth. The maternal representative of the house placed him cross-ways on her lap and pounded him severely, and he choked up a brass button which he had swallowed in the excitement caused by the speaker's opening remarks. The lecturer smiled down on the child in a benign sort of a way, and as soon as quietness was restored, continued.) He said this was an important question, and would commend itself to the feelings of all present. (Great applause from Quills.) Were not the women as competent to vote as the men? As he made this remark he gazed down on the audience, presumably with the intention of giving the point time to fix itself in their minds, but Johnny Flannigan, a youth of some twelve summers, who had gained admittance by carrying around dodgers for the entertainment, misunderstood the intention and answered that he guessed they wasn't. "Pa says that women are a lot of peaky old fools anyway, and wouldn't have sense enough to vote for a hog-reeve. The only bigger fools he knows on, is them people who go around lecturing when they orter be home cuttin wood." These remarks caused much levity as it was pretty generally known among the audience the Flannigan Sr. never could be induced to vote for less than a dollar; that his wife kept the family by taking in washing and that his propensities did not run in the way of cutting wood or doing anything else in fact. The lecturer colored slightly and continued somewhat faster.

He felt that woman had been endowed with the same intellectual abilities as man, and that she had a higher sphere in this world's ethics than the mere routine of house work, that all the privileges appertaining to the opposite sex should be accorded her. (Some malicious and evil disposed person had brought a pen-blower to the lecture, and just at this stage of the proceedings one of these small missiles was thrown in such a manner as to strike Mr. Quills on the nose, causing that gentleman to start backwards so suddenly as to over turn his chair, making a great clatter and greatly disconcerting the speaker. Mr. Quills quickly picked himself up,

and looked around savagely for the miscreant, much to the amusement of the McGarrity children, who were tittering away with suppressed mirth and liable to explode at any minute.) The lecturer continued on his very interesting theme for an hour or so, and all the younger members of the audience had gone to sleep quite contentedly before the closing remarks.

As Mr. Jones was away, it devolved upon Joshua to take charge of the editorial room in his absence, which he proceeded to do next morning, after the papers were out. He had just got nicely seated and was becoming deeply interested in a love story in the *Moniteur du Commerce* when a slight rap was given at the door. Laying aside his paper he bade his visitor enter. He was surprised to find it was a young and prepossessing lady of the tender age of sixteen; surprised because it was not very often the fair damsels intruded on this dust-covered ink-daubed retreat.

The young lady hesitated about entering, but on glancing in and seeing that our hero was the only occupant, and that he did not look very ferocious, she appeared to gain courage and timidly entered.

"Sorry you didn't send us word you were coming, Miss" observed Joshua as he dusted off a chair, which was very shaky about its lower extremities, with an old linen coat of the editor's, "if I'd a known we were going to have a distinguished visitor to-day, I'd have made more extensive preparation."

"Oh *please* don't put yourself out on my account. Now say you won't," and she looked pleadingly into the freckled face of our hero.

"Why, certainly not!" Put me out, oh dear me, no. Why I am rather glad to see you; sit down, sit down and I'll get some cigars—no hang it, you don't smoke I suppose. Well, sit down and make yourself at home," and Joshua flurried around dusting things off, and looking red and embarrassed.

The young lady daintily seated herself observing, "I am so afraid I have intruded?"

"Oh, no; no intrusion whatever, I can assure you," and Joshua slipped out into the hall a moment to put on his coat and whip a pencil behind his ear, returning as smiling as a basket of chips.

"Do you know I have always wanted to see the inside of an editor's room so much, and do you know this is my first experience in a printing office," and she clasped her hands in ecstasy and looked around. "Why it just looks like our old garret." (disgustingly) "Are you the editor?" and she gazed serenely at Joshua, taking in fully his soiled collar and ink-covered hands.

"Oh, no! the editor is out of town to-day, but I expect him home to night. Won't you wait until he comes? I am only the reporter! If there is anything I could do for you it would be the greatest pleasure."

"I am afraid it would be too long to wait for Mr. Jones—I didn't know" hesitatingly, then with a burst of confidence, "do you know, I have written a short poem. I have been hesitating for some time about bringing it down to Mr. Jones for fear he might not like it, and it would disappoint me so. Now suppose I read it to you, and won't you give me your opinion? You will tell me candidly now won't you, whether you think it good enough to put in the paper?"

"Certainly, certainly, it will be a great pleasure for me to listen to it coming as it does from so much beauty," and Joshua blushing scarlet at his first attempt at a compliment, took the editor's easy chair, leaned back, toyed with his lead pencil, and tried to look extremely wise.

"It ain't the spring racket is it? You know it is rather late for that, but we might hold it over for next year."

"Spring racket! I do not understand exactly what you mean?"

"That is a printing office term; I mean it is not about spring. You know it is rather late now for spring poetry, and as all the ladies start with that subject I thought you might be following in the same way."

"Oh, no! this is a few lines to Montmorency."
 "Eh!"

"A few lines to Montmorency, let me read them to you," and she produced a piece of soiled manuscript from her pocket book, and drawing her chair over nearer the table, and consequently nearer Joshua began:

LINES TO MONTMORENCY.

In my dream I think of thee,
 Thy sweet image fills my breast,
 And I know if thou could'st see
 How my soul is ne'er at rest
 Without thy company;

That thy heart would turn to me,
 Thy fond affections I would have,
 There could then no misery
 Ever come between our love
 To make us feel unhappy.

Other hearts may have grown cold,
 Others may have turned from thee,
 But with life, a stronger hold
 Thou wilt ever have on me
 Till the last.

"Say! don't you think that pretty stiff? Can't you let that down a little easier. Make it something like this:—

Thou wilt ever have on me
 Till the next one comes along—

or something of that nature," observed Joshua.

"Oh no! there never can be such another," and she turned up her eyes to the smoke begrimed ceiling with a sigh of resignation; whether at the cobwebs, or at the sight of an old battered beaver of Mr. Jones', Joshua was unable to determine.

"Well go on, that's very good of the kind. Let's have the rest of it before my courage evaporates," and Joshua sarcastically bit the end of his pencil and looked sour.

"She looked wonderingly up into his face, and then continued

"Oh my darling, can it be,
That we ere must separate,
That your loving eyes will see
Never more, your little Kate.
Is it thus to end?"

No it cannot, must n't be,
Life would be most drear indeed,
All I have is wrapped in thee,
I would be a broken reed
Without thy love."

"Don't you think that 'broken reed' business is a little far-fetched?"

"Why! no, indeed. Now don't you think Mr. Jones will put that in the paper; and don't you think he might pay something for it."

"I am afraid not, Miss. You see, his is not a poetic nature, and he just takes the shears and clips poetry wholesale—four and five verses at a time—from our exchanges. I am awfully afraid he won't take in the depth of this piece. I think he will say there is too much love in it. These old fogies forget there is any such sentiment as love after they get beyond a certain age and are married men," and Joshua looked down with pity in his countenance, as much as to say, "well you have got it bad enough." "Say it ain't a case of 'blighted hopes' is it. There has no fellow been going back on you, has there? because if you'll show him to me I'll give him a thrashing, and if I can't do it alone I'll call in Spuds; and I tell you, what Spuds and I can't do when we make an effort aint worth the trying. Never saw Spuds I suppose?"

"Why how you do go on. Seen Mr. Spuds why, no! But what do you mean by 'blighted hopes' and thrashing some poor fellow. You really did not think the poetry had reference to a man. Dear me, no; those few lines are on my poor dog, Montmorency, and they are going to poison him for fear he will go mad this hot weather."

"Montmorency a dog! Why in the deuce—excuse me Miss—but why did you not say it was a dog before. Do

"you know I was just foolish enough to imagine that it was intended for some fellow," and Joshua straightened himself up in the chair, brushed back his tangled locks and appeared quite relieved about something.

"Dear me, how ridiculous," and the young lady blushed furiously, "as though I should ever write such poetry about any *man*."

"That is so, that's so. I ought to have been kicked for even presuming it was anything but a dog. Do you know I think there will not be the least difficulty in getting that in the paper, that is—er—if you will leave it in my care I will look after it for you; but I am afraid you will not be able to get any money for it."

"Oh! I am not particularly anxious about the money, that was not so much an object. So you will see the editor for me. How very kind of you," and she gave Joshua a glance that made his heart palpitate and shivers run down into his boot-legs.

"Why, of course; that will not be any trouble I can assure you, just you keep sending in your articles, and I will do my best to have them run in."

It was a habit with the editor to leave the office every Saturday afternoon about two o'clock, so our hero asked her to drop in at four on Saturday and he would be able to let her know whether it was accepted.

She said she would certainly be there, and gave him such a sweet smile, and 'good afternoon' that he made up his mind then and there that if the press could stand it the public would have to.

He was wondering how he was going to manage to get it in the paper when another rap was given at the door, but this time without the hesitancy that characterized that of his fair visitor.

He called out to 'come in' and hastily picked up the *Moniteur du Commerce*, where he had pitched it, on the appearance of his late caller. He was confronted by Mr. Quills of the *Herald*, who carried a copy of the last

Era in his hand and seemed very much disturbed over something.

"See here, where's Johnson?"

"Gone home sick. Won't be back for a week or so."

"Sick, is he! well I'm sorry for that, I should have liked to have seen him for a few moments before he was taken so dangerously ill. I think probably he would have had something to be sick about in earnest. Did you see this dastardly, cowardly, attack he made on me in this morning's *Era*? Where is Mr. Jones?"

"Gone out into the country for his health. Won't be back to-day."

"Gone off too, eh! Couldn't stand and face the music like a man. Why, on my life, I never read, I never, never—read such trash as there is in this paper to-day. Why, it beats anything I ever saw. It is perfectly scandalous. The town will be in here to fire you type out of the windows, and I've a good mind to commence it now, and begin with you."

"Better not try it Mr. Quills, I look peaceful and calm, but I'm a 'roarin' lion' when I get under way. Say I take a seat and cool off. You'll get over this before you are twice married. Think of the free advertising you are getting. Why, when you begin to practice everyone will know the name of Quills; it will be a household word. Come now, suppose I write to Johnson thanking him for the 'ad,' and Joshua drew up to the table and placed a sheet of paper before him as though he was in earnest, while Quills glared at him and roamed up and down the room gnashing his teeth and waving the paper in the air."

"WRITE! I tell you he'll be a dead man when I can lay my hands on him," and Quills dashed out of the room and tore down stairs.

"It's too provoking to have so much excitement so early in the morning," remarked our hero to himself. "I guess there is not much doubt but this issue of the *Era* is attracting the attention of the public. They can't throw

it up to us to-day that there is nothing in our paper to interest people," and he straightened things out again, and made another start on his story in the *Monitor*.

The steady pound, pound, pound of a parson with a heavy cane coming up the stairs, warned Joshua that he was to have another visitor. While he was expecting a pretty loud knock, the rap at the door brought him to his feet with a jump and he hurried to open it, for fear the panels would be broken through. It was that kind of a knock which brooks of no delay.

The caller was Mr. Flannigan. The cane he held in hand looked as if he had gone into a new business, and was now drumming for fuel merchant, and this was a sample of his cord-wood.

He seemed a little excited over something, and waved the stick around very carelessly while he strung out his sentences with a number of expressive and forcible adjectives.

"Is the idister in? Sure and let me see his darty face fir about foive minits," and he bounced over to the table where Joshua had seated himself, bringing the end of his stick down on it with such force as to spatter the ink out of the bottle and over the table.

"No, he ain't in," sharply. "He's gone out of town and he won't be in to-day. I wish you would not be so demonstrative in your actions. This is not a hog-pen, so please don't make yourself so much at home. Possibly you didn't know," sarcastically, "that there is some trouble connected with cleaning this ink up again," and Joshua looked sour, and began soaking up the spilt ink with an old exchange.

"Hog-pen! Make meself at home!" and Mr. Flannigan looked blankly at our hero's want of respect for him and his stick. Shoving the paper which he carried in his hand under Joshua's nose and wildly waving the stick in the air he ejaculated:

"Trouble is it? In-d-a-d-e! And who might ye be

that would dare criticise the doings of a Flannigan in your dirty sheet—A-h,” and he glared across the table and brought his stick down again, but this time Joshua lifted up the bottle, and none of the ink was spattered out.

“See here, Mr. Flannigan, of course we are always glad to have persons call in to see us, but you *will* have to be a little less hilarious. People will be noticing the racket from the outside, and will run away with the idea that we are running a club room or that there is a fire. Now we don't want any such impression to go abroad as this. If there is an advertisement in the paper you are desirous of paying for, call in when the editor is here. He takes all cash contributions and gives a receipt in full. He handles all the money—and abuse—for this paper.

“Money for yee! bedad I have no money for yee. I'd have nothing to do with yer vile sheet. Me buy, who has the writin of these humorous pieces, that are makin the people laugh to-day. I want to have a quiet little chat wid him.”

“Well, Mr. Flannigan, if there is anything you want to relieve you mind of, you can make it known to me, and I will deliver it to the person you may desire. Now won't you please be seated. It really agitates me to see you so nervous. You will feel much better if you sit down for a while and allow your feelings a chance to assert themselves.”

“Falings! bad sess to yess, do ye think any wan can kape coul and have things like thim circulate about his karacter. Nothin but lies, sir, divil a word of truth in it. Rade it now, rade it.”

Joshua took the paper from his outstretched and trembling hand and read aloud the article on “Woman's Suffrage,” placing particular stress on those parts which referred to the peculiarities of Mr. Flannigan and his youthful progeny.

“Well,” said our hero after finishing the article, “is there anything untrue in that, or is there anything you object to?”

"Bad luck to yees, I object to having the whole of it in. Look what it says about me and my Johnny. What time did you say that editor was in?"

"To-morrow morning, probably. But, Mr. Flannigan I think you take a wrong view of this matter. You say you are going to thrash Mr. Jones. Now what good is that going to do you? Don't you see the next paper would come out with a long editorial saying you had not bought a stick of wood this year, but had procured it from your neighbours' wood-piles, that you had been living on chickens all summer and did not keep even an old rooster; and that you were an old seaker and blocked your way for everything. Now you know that would be a great deal worse than this, and your satisfaction would not be very long or very sweet. Just think of the name of Flannigan going all over this county as being a robber of hen-roosts; think of the people in England reading an item that the noble family of Flannigans had been reduced to stealing their wood; think of the aborigines in China pursuing next week's issue of the *Era* and find that Bar Flannigan a descendant of the Princes of Ireland. It is not so low in the social scale as to block his way for everything he ate and drank. Think of this sir, and say if it is not better for us to be friends. Now Mr. Flannigan won't you take a friend's advice. I'd like to be a friend of yours in this case," eyeing the stick, "and I'll tell you what you had better do. You just subscribe for the paper, only one dollar and a half, *cash*, and we will make a note in next Thursday's paper that there was a mistake about the reference in a late issue as regards Mr. Flannigan's social and financial standing, and it will be a good puff for you. Now, that's the best thing for you to do, depend on it. If you will just lay down your dollar and fifty cents, I'll see that you get a good send off," and Joshua finished sopping up the ink, placed a pen back of his ear, and seated himself complacently in the easy chair.

Mr. Flannigan had been gradually cooling down as our

here proceeded, and seemed to be a little uneasy towards the close of his remarks.

"Wall, I dun know — I dun know. Yees may be right afther all. Here's yer money, and if yees don't make that all right in the next paper, I'll come around and pound you to a jelly!" and with a slight semblance to a smile he propelled himself down stairs, forgetting to take along with him his cane, which Joshua setwed away as one of the trophies of his victory.

He got nicely seated again, and had made quite a start on the story when another rap came.

"Hang it! seems as though the whole morning is going to be taken up with visitors," remarked Joshua; "come in."

Who should enter but no less a personage than Mrs. Maloney, the lone widow of Dog Lane; the same whose seven children were suffering such dire distress from the effects of too much whooping cough.

"Why, Mrs. Maloney, is it yan? Why, how do you do, how do you do? Be seated, be seated," and Joshua stirred around and got a chair, while she smiled, and smirked and bowed at a great rate. "How are the children this morning? I do hope they are no worse."

"Indade an' they ain't sir, an' I'm much obliged to yees, sir, for your kindness to a poor lone widdie; and, sir, I want to bouy five papers to send to me brothers in Kaliforna, sir. Ah! but yees are a foin lot of gintlemen to give a lone widdie such a lift as yees did. Bless yer purty eyes, I hev had more orders sint in this mornin' than I can do all ov the wake; and I must thank yees for all ov it. It's hard enough time I hev had, to be sure, to be sure, but Patsy is the makin' of a foin gintleman, and I put great store by that boy," and she heaved a heavy sigh and dropped into a chair.

This chair, however, did not prove to be one of the kind warranted to stand two hundred and twenty pounds to be thrown at it, and without any preliminary notice

the legs separated, and poor Mrs. Maloney gracefully assumed a lowly position on the floor.

Joshua hastened to place her on her feet, and was profuse in his regrets at the accident.

She was placed in the editor's easy chair, which was iron-bound and could stand five hundred, while Joshua hunted up the papers she desired. Her feelings were a little jarred by the fall, but otherwise she seemed in the best of spirits. After quite an extended call, she departed, heaping blessings in abundance on all the staff, from the devil to the editor.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EDITOR'S RETURN — HE PREPARES FOR A LADY VISITOR. — VISITORS. — A GENERAL SURPRISE.

In the afternoon Spuds dropped in a few moments to say there was a big row brewing. Smith of the *Herald* and Quills had got together and proposed annihilating the whole *Envi* staff. It was currently reported, that Flannigan was out in the country with a pair of revolvers, two bowie knives and a black-thorn shillalah, and was howling for gore.

"Why, Spuds, Flannigan's all right. He was in this forenoon and subscribed for the paper. That's all buncombe about his being out in the country. I'll warrant you he's at the first job of work he's done this year."

"Never! you don't mean to tell me you got a cash subscription out of old Flannigan! If you did there is no doubt about it you deserve a leather medal! How did it all come about?"

The morning's experience had to be told over, and Spuds was greatly pleased over the discomfiture of Quills and Flannigan.

Nothing of a startling nature occurred that afternoon. Several subscribers and townsmen called in to purchase extra copies of the last issue of the paper, and all seemed to relish the description of Flannigan and Quills, who were not particularly highly thought of in the community.

Joshua was in the editorial room looking over the exchanges, and clipping pieces for the outside of the paper, a duty which devolved upon him, when the editor came in next morning.

"Well, Joshua, how did you make out with the paper? People seemed particularly friendly to me this morning as I came along down. Old Hardtack came out and pressed a box of cigars on me, and several persons from whom I never expected to realize a cent, stopped me to pay back subscriptions. The boy on the up town round must have forgotten to leave a paper at my house, for there wasn't any there, and I got in last night so late that I didn't have a chance to come down to the office after one. I was glad to see that the press was all right as I came in, and that the boys were working this morning. To tell you the truth I was almost afraid to leave you in charge. You and Spuds cut up such shindies sometimes, but I guess you are getting pretty well over those foolish notions these days," and the editor went rattling along, taking off his coat, getting out his pipe and busying about, so that Joshua did not get a chance to get a word in edgewise. By the time he had concluded he had got seated in a chair and had picked up the last issue of the paper.

"Got along very well, sir," remarked Joshua, slashing out an article with his scissors on "The Advancement of Civilization among the Hottentots."

The editor's practiced eye first took in the general make up of the paper, and he nodded as much as to say that

was all right; then he glanced over his editorials to see if there had been any glaring mistakes made.

"Seems all right. Let's see, Joshua, you were going to write an article on that lecture business were you not? Ah-h-h, yes, um-m-m, here it is."

He read it through without making any comments and ended with a sigh.

"It's too bad - too bad, but I suppose there is no help for it now. I've only got ten dollars in the world, Joshua, but you had better take it and slide down early to morrow morning to the boat, and stow yourself away where they can't possibly find you. I'm really sorry to lose you my boy, but Flannigan's an awful man when he gets mad. He'll get about three drinks in him, if he can get any one to trust him for that many, and he'll come up here with a bludgeon in his hand, rum on his breath, and blood in his eye, and I won't be responsible for consequences. It's a great wonder to me that you are alive now, Joshua; he couldn't possibly have seen the piece," and Mr. Jones looked across the table at Joshua with deep sympathy in his look and a cheap cigar in his mouth.

Before our hero could answer, a heavy tread was heard on the stairs approaching the office door.

"Great goodness! here he comes now, I'm out, remember," and the editor dashed into a small clothes closet at the end of the room, which was filled with old exchanges and cast off garments; closed the door tightly and listened attentively for the expected *dénouement*. A sharp rap was heard at the door, Joshua answered it briskly and found a small boy holding out two cents in his hand.

"Ma sent me down for a paper with the piece in it about Mrs. Smith making the soft soap, and I want to read about the dog fight, that Tommy Sanson said was in the paper yesterday morning."

"Haven't got any papers left over this issue, tell your mother. We will try and get her one outside from some subscriber who has read his. If we can get one we will send it up.

"But ma said I must be sure and bring it home with me, and I want to see about Fangle's dog."

"Can't help it, you will have to tell her there were none left over."

The boy left apparently greatly disappointed.

The editor climbed out from among the cobwebs, old straw hats, and dusty exchanges and shook himself off.

"It's a great blessing it wasn't any worse,—a great blessing; but we had better have that closet cleaned up a little if I have got to stow myself away in it every five minutes to-day" and he took down an old whisk and began scratching off the cobwebs.

"You need not have any fear of Mr. Flannigan, sir. He was in yesterday and subscribed for the paper, paying in cash. We had a lot of visitors yesterday, and altogether quite a lively and profitable day. Here is the money I took in and a memorandum of the names of those who paid it. I gave them receipts in your name. I hope it was all right, sir."

Mr. Jones rubbed his eyes and gazed in a dazed sort of way at our hero.

"Flannigan subscribe for the *Era*, did you say? and paid in cash. Most extraordinary thing I ever heard of in the course of my life. In cash did you say? Dear me, why you must be dreaming, or I must be Flannigan! why he never was known to have that much cash to his name at one time since I've been in this town, and that's going on forty years. There must be a mistake somewhere."

"No mistake, sir. He had it this time and there it is," and Joshua proceeded to tell him of his little fracas with Mr. Flannigan and how he got out of it, producing as convincing proof, that gentleman's cane, which he had carefully put away.

"Well this does beat all. I expected when Flannigan got hold of any of us he would not wait for an explana-

tion but would just go in for cleaning us out wholesale," and the editor appeared to be greatly relieved.

"Why you have got a lot of money here, where did it all come from?" he exclaimed as he counted over the change.

"I put in a number of extra papers, this issue, sir, and they were all sold. I thought I would try it once and it did not turn out such a bad idea. They have been calling for them all this morning but there are none left excepting the one on file and that on your desk, sir."

"You don't tell me! I guess your articles made quite a strike, Joshua. I think you will have to go out again and see what you can stir up this week, my boy."

"Rather exciting afterwards, sir, that is all. Mr. Quills was in and seemed very anxious to see Mr. Johnson. I told him Johnson was sick. I think he has an idea that Johnson wrote that article and was afraid to remain and face the music. If he should happen to speak to you, sir, it might be just as well to keep Johnson sick for a few days, until he gets cooled down."

"I certainly will, Joshua. I certainly will. Johnson will be in bed for the remainder of this week, come what will."

And sir-er, I came nearly forgetting, but there was a young lady came in sir, in your absence, with some poetry. She said her father had taken the *Era* ever since it started and that the whole family swore by the paper—leastwise that is what she meant, if she did not put it in as many words. She seemed very much pleased with an editorial of yours, which appeared two weeks ago on "How the Ladies dress in China,"—spoke particularly about it, sir. And seemed very much interested."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Jones. "Just take that whisk will you, Joshua, and brush off the dust and cobwebs from the back of my coat;—yes—and what else did she say?"

"Well sir, she was a young lady, and she closed it all up by leaving this piece of poetry, and desired me to ask

you if you would kindly insert it. I believe it is about a pet *dog* sir. It sounds a little sweet but I don't see anything objectionable about it."

"Um-mi-m Yes! good looking girl did you say, Joshua?" and the editor pulled down his vest, adjusted his necktie, and admired himself in a *box* piece of looking-glass tacked up against the wall.

"Yes rather good looking young lady, sir."

"Well, Joshua, I dare say you are a fair judge of beauty, and if she was good looking, I suppose you can run it in on the outside page. Put over the top of it, 'Special for the *Era*' and I'll look over the proof, and say 'I'—"

Joshua turned to go out into the printing office, "just send the devil down to Simonds to get me a paper collar, will you? this is somewhat soiled. She came right in the office did you say, Joshua?"

"Yes, she came right in, sir. Didn't seem a bit afraid."

"Um-m, some young lady that has got mashed on me, I suppose. There is no use, you see, of a good looking fellow trying to keep out of the way of the girls. They will take us by storm even in our offices. She came right in you said Joshua, and did she say she would drop in again?"

"Yes, she said she would come in about the first of the week and see if it had been accepted."

"I thought so. Poor thing she was disappointed at not finding me at home. That's all, Joshua, that's all, my boy. Send Pimp out after that collar right away."

Joshua retired to the printing office and sent Pimp, the devil, out after the collar, then went over to Spuds case. He narrated to that sympathizing and energetic friend the circumstances of the beauty and the poetry, how the editor was fixing up to take her young heart by storm, and how that gentleman imagined her visit had been to see him particularly.

"I say, Josh, if the old man keeps interfering in this transaction, we'll just have to put up some job on him that will sicken him of putting his finger in the pie

where young folk are concerned. The idea of a married man, and fifty-five, carrying on that way."

"Joshua Bangs, you're wanted in the office," was yelled across the room by Pimp.

"Yes, Spuds, we will have to arrange something for his special benefit if he keeps on in the way he is going. I think it is our duty to do so. I wonder what he wants now? Say! look out for that poetry, and don't break your stick or pi the 'form. Better put in as a sub heading "to a defunct canine." I think it would add tone to it," and Joshua hurried across the office to the editor's room.

He found that personage just putting the finishing touches to his neck-tie, after adjusting his new collar.

"She was rather good looking, did you say Joshua?"

"Yes, rather so, sir."

"Do you think I look presentable, my boy?"

"I think so, sir, quite so, sir. But I shouldn't think there would be any particular hurry in fixing up for her; she won't be in until next week."

"There is where you are wrong, Joshua. There is where you have made the mistake, my boy. Women folk don't know their own mind for five minutes at a time. I have had the experience, you see. She's just as likely as not to be in any time to-day. Nothing like being prepared my son, nothing like it. Ah! let's see; you had better write out the wrappers for next week. I may be out-and-in considerable to-day and I will want you here the most of the time. If any lady come in, you can retire you know. Hello! here's some one coming up now," and the editor slid into his chair, grabbed a pen and drew a lot of writing paper towards him.

Rap-rap-rap.

"Come in."

Mrs. Flannigan, wife of the renowned Barney, entered.

"I comed around to thank yese, sur, to thank ye for the pace ye put in the paper about the ould man and Johnny. If ye'd believe it sur, he has cut and brought

in all the wad we used to-day and he's a changed man, indade he is. He's been workin' all day at the first job he's done for mony's the wake, and he brought home the money and didn't drink. Bless ye's sor and he's the same old Barney he was when I married him sur thirty odd years ago. We all ov us fale so plased sir, indade we do. There's a ven a change for the better in Johnny, and I hope it will continer, indade I do," and she made a courtsey to Mr. Jones and Joshua which fairly took their breath away.

Mr. Jones asked her to sit down, and give them a short account of the revolution in her family circle, which she was nothing loath to do. She made a short stay and retired with more profuse thanks and low courtesies.

Things went on about as usual during the remainder of the week, until Saturday afternoon. Joshua busied himself with looking after and straightening out things in the editor's room; Mr. Jones having decided to keep him there, permanently, so that he was not expected to do any more case work. The editor kept roaming in and out apparently finding it hard work to concentrate his thoughts on any one thing for more than five minutes at a time. About one o'clock on Saturday afternoon he returned from home, as was his custom, to settle with the hands. This finished, it was his practice to leave the office about two o'clock for the remainder of the afternoon; but on this occasion he seated himself at the table and leaned complacently back in his chair, apparently deeply absorbed in the reading of a late magazine.

Joshua began to get nervous. Suppose there should be such a thing as his remaining late that afternoon, of all others, when he expected his poetical lady friend to call. It was evident that his suspicions were aroused about something or he never would take this unprecedented course.

Half past two. Mr. Jones laid aside his magazine, yawned, glanced over at Joshua and remarked: "See here Joshua, what are you all primed up for this afternoon? Why, you've got your hands washed, a clean collar on, and there is a suspicious smell of perfume prevailing the room!" and the editor snuffed the air and glanced suspiciously over at our hero. "You haven't got any foreshadowings that our young lady contributor is coming in this afternoon, have you?"

"Why, no, sir; but I thought that now I had got to be sub-editor, so to speak, I should spruce up a little. You see I am often left alone in the office, and one can never tell when we may have visitors," answered our hero, blushing slightly.

"Um-m! that's it, is it. Very laudable idea indeed. I suppose you think it is going to give dignity to the establishment, but isn't it passing strange that this notion should take you this Saturday afternoon, when the work is nearly finished for the week?"

"I don't know, sir. I never thought of it in that way, but then there is not much going on, and I thought of going out at half past three or four, and looking around for anything that might be stirring in the way of news, to get a start for next week, and the object was to give as good an impression of our paper's representative as possible. You see people are discovering that Johnson is off and they will soon find out I am doing the locals."

"Yes! just so, just so," and the editor, not apparently entirely convinced, returned to his reading.

Three o'clock, Joshua began to get more nervous. He dropped out into the printing office and told Spuds the way things were shaping inside, and that he was afraid Mr. Jones would remain until after four.

"I'll tell you what, Josh, if the boss don't get out of there by half past three, I'll run out and ring the fire-bell; shall I?"

"Wait a little, he does not particularly relish remaining, and we will see how things look a little latter," and

Joshua in his nervousness, knocked over the tea pot, and came very near ruining his pants. He was saved from this calamity only by the prompt action of Spuds, who advised him in a friendly way to move back into the inside room and take things easy.

At half past three the editor got up, stretched himself and remarked that he guessed she wasn't coming that afternoon after all. "Although," said he, glancing over quizzingly at our hero, "I thought she was from the way you were toggled out."

The few moments he spent in getting out his cane, and brushing his hat seemed hours to Joshua, but at last he finished up his toilet and walked out, closing the door after him. Joshua looked at the clock. "Quarter of four."

Taking a proof he had of the "Lines to Montmorency" he waved them tragically over his head and began reciting the first verse, when the door softly opened and Mr. Jones walked in.

"Hello! Joshua. What's up now?"

"Trying to study a peice off by heart, for the entertainment next week," explained Joshua. "I tell you, you gave me a start when you came in."

"Hump! I forgot to take home some cigars for Sunday and I had to come back. I thought you were practicing some gymnastic exercises. Be careful of the furniture you know," and Mr. Jones took out a cigar and lit it with an evident degree of satisfaction, apparently not noticing the terrible agitation which Joshua was undergoing; if he did he attributed it to his sudden entrance.

He was gone at last; it was with a long drawn sigh of relief that Joshua seated himself in the easy chair. Not many minutes passed before a slight rap was heard at the door, and he knew that his lady visitor had returned. Hastily arising he opened the door and bowing invited her in, and to be seated.

She bowed very sweetly in return, and took the proffered chair.

"Well how did you make out, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"Bangs! Miss—Bangs. Joshua Bangs at your service."

"Mr. Bangs—did you refer the poetry to Mr. Jones for his opinion?"

"Yes, I spoke to him about it. He said it was very good and praised it highly. It is to go in Thursday's paper on the outside. I shall make it my particular duty to see that it has a prominent place, and has no typographical errors. Would you like to see a proof copy of it?" and Joshua produced the proof he had been declaiming from, previous to her entrance.

She read it over, apparently very enthusiastically: "Now don't you think it looks and reads real nicely Mr Bangs?" and she glanced up sweetly in that young man's face. Joshua told Spuds afterwards that if she had said Limberger cheese was sweet smelling and pleasant tasting and had looked at him that way, it would have been impossible for him to have done anything else but say it was too sweet for anything."

"Yes!" said he "there is no doubt that it shows deep thought and high inspiration," and he nibbled pensively at the end of his lead pencil. "There is decided talent in it. But don't you think it would look a little better if we were to put your name at the bottom of it?" and Joshua looked up as if the idea had just struck him, and that he had not been cogitating that sentence for the last three days.

"My name! why dear me no. Whatever gave you that idea. Why I don't believe Mr. Jones would even put it in the paper if he knew who wrote it."

"I think you wrong Mr. Jones. He is a man I can assure you who appreciates talent from whatever source it may come," and Joshua coughed a little and thought of his "Woman's Suffrage" article. "I am sure he would put it in, particularly if he was to see you personally, whoever you may be. You know Shakespeare says:—

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

and I don't think the name would influence Mr. Jones.

"Yes!" with a queer inflection, and glancing up into our hero's face, "but, you do not know what my name is yourself, now do you? If you did I don't think you would speak so confidently."

"Well no, I do not. I must acknowledge to being in ignorance of that fact, but I am positive that it cannot be anything very terrible, or that would frighten me very much."

"Would you really like to know what my name is, and will you promise me not to faint?"

"I should certainly like to know what your name is, and I can confidently assure you that you need not be afraid of a scene," replied Joshua, laughingly. "We reporters are not of the fainting kind."

"Dear me, I am so glad. Well my name is Katie Jones, and Mr. Jones the editor of the *Era*, is my father. There I told you, you would be surprised," and she laughed heartily at Joshua's look of dismay.

You could have knocked him down with a feather, and not a large one at that. In truth he was completely dumbfounded at the information, and all the while Miss Jones laughed heartily.

"Well!—why!—gracious—I—I—never saw you before. Why—you—you haven't been living with him right along and me not see you—impossible! I thought you were a stranger here from your appearance" stammered Joshua.

"I knew I would surprise you. No, I have been away from home for five or six years at boarding-school, and just returned last Wednesday evening. I was so tired I did not get out of the house until Thursday afternoon, when I thought I should like to see papa's office. It was the first time I had ever been in a printing office you know, and knowing he was away I thought I would make some excuse to come down and see it. I thought I should like to see if anybody would think my poetry good enough to publish before I showed it to papa.

I hope I have not got you into trouble, I am so sorry if I have."

"Why no! you have not got me into trouble," remarked Joshua, "but I was just thinking how Mr. Jones will look when he finds out it was his own daughter he has been so anxious to meet, and Joshua was forced into telling her partly of the preparations that her father had made on her account, the recital of which she seemed particularly to enjoy."

She was very anxious to keep the name of the writer a secret for a while, and strictly enjoined Joshua not to say anything about it until after the outside of the paper was run off. Joshua explained that this would take place that afternoon and it was decided that on Monday morning he was to casually remark that he had found out the name of the writer. He could hardly restrain his mirth at the imagination of how Mr. Jones would look when the facts were made known to him.

"Do you know Mr. Hardtack was up to the house and papa introduced him to me. He said Mr. Johnson was the reporter for the *Era*, and that he gave him a beautiful notice in one of the papers lately. They say he is very well off, got lots of money, but I don't like him."

"I don't like him either. He is a regular old skin-flint; Johnson was the reporter before I went on, but he should not have had the credit for Hardtack's puff, that was written by Spuds. You remember my speaking of Spuds before," and Joshua told her of Spuds' effusion.

They conversed on general subjects for half an hour or so, and Miss Jones appeared to enjoy the visit extremely well. She invited Joshua to call and see her, and with a thoughtfulness particularly encouraging, suggested Tuesday night as the best time to come, as on that evening her father attended lodge, and they would be less apt to be interrupted. With a merry twinkle in her eyes she remarked that it might be just as well for her father not to meet our hero at the house too soon after this little escapade. Her mother would not interfere with her

pleasure, and it was just as fully delin in that, what she was pleased to designate 'pokey little hole' after being at boarding-school.

She laughed heartily over Joshua's sell, as well as that on her father, and insisted that he should call her Kate in future, and she would call him Joshua.

"And now I must go home and help ma get tea," now do break it to my dear respected parent as gently as possible for he has not got used to my wild boarding house pranks as yet, and be sure you come up Tuesday night," and she shook hands cordially with our hero, and bade him good afternoon, while he did not know whether he was walking on the floor or floating around in etherial space.

As there was very little going on in the printing office at that late hour on Saturday afternoon, he called in Spuds and recited the events of the last hour. It seemed to tickle that individual immensely to think how Mr. Jones would be taken back when he found who his lady caller was.

"But say, Josh, are you going up to the house?"

"Of course I am. I am going to put in my appearance at about seven o'clock, and watch until I see the boss leave. You don't catch me getting caught napping in this thing. We are going to have checkers and music and a good time generally."

"Yes, and old Jones will come in while the music is going on and press you to sing a solo in B flat, on the other side of your mouth; and you will have to C sharp and git lively, at the extremity of his number fourteen, to I should think that by this time you would know the ungodly size of Jones' feet, seeing them perched up on the desk so much. I should think that would be sufficient warning to you."

"I'll risk the singing business," Spuds said. "Don't be so sarcastic my boy, it don't set well on one with such a delicate constitution."

"There's old Hardtack, too. Now its evident Jones Sr. has a disposition to put him in the way of marrying his daughter. You see Hardtack has lots of money, and the boss has his eye out for it. In all probability you will meet your dear friend Hardtack and it will be an immense opportunity for you to cultivate his acquaintance and discover new traits in his character, to write him up another puff with. Wonder how he ever came to get in with the boss, I always thought they did not like each other?"

"Oh! hang Hardtack anyway. I'll undertake to make it too hot for him if I see him scooting around there."

The boys shortly separated for the night; Joshua to go home and to inform his mother of what had occurred and to ask her advice. Spuds to laugh over Mr. Jones surprise when he would discover who he had primped up for, and Joshua's predicament if he should be caught in Mr. Jones' parlor some evening

Monday morning came, warm and pleasant, Joshua was down early to the office and diligently at work making out bills to delinquent subscribers when Mr. Jones made his appearance,

"Well Joshua, anything new going on this morning?"

"Don't hear a thing of any importance sir. Mr. Bosin left in word that an umbrella had been found in his store and wanted to know if it was worth while advertising it. I told him I would ask you."

"Bosin is an old shark. He never advertises with us or anyone for that matter but he thinks he is going to get a free 'ad.' out of this, and that is why he has got so honest all of a sudden. Run it in though and if they bother him about that umbrella it will serve him well right."

"All right, sir. Oh! I came near forgetting to tell you that I discovered the name of that young lady who left in the poetry. She was in again on Saturday afternoon after you left sir, and seemed to be much disappointed that you were not in. She wanted to go through the printing office to see the press going, and watch the com-

positors at work, but she could not be induced to go in your absence, sir. She said she would call in again."

"Why, ah! you don't tell me so Joshua. Missed her after all didn't I? you sly rogue, I believe you knew she was coming in that afternoon after all. Yes, sir, I believe it. That is the reason you were gotten up so fine. So she said she would wait until I came in before she would go through the office, did she? Well, you just see that the office is nicely cleaned up this morning; there is every probability that she will be in again this afternoon. By the way what did you say her name was?"

"Miss Kate Jones, sir. She's evidently a stranger in the town, as I never saw her before to remember her, but she is a real fine looking girl, sir."

Kate Jones, did you say? The dickens it was! Why bless my soul Joshua that is my own daughter. I forgot to tell you she came home from boarding-school on Wednesday. I think it is my treat to the beer. I candidly acknowledge the corn. But come now, tell the truth, when did you know it was Kate?"

"Not until she came in on Saturday afternoon, sir, honestly; and I would not have known then if I had not suggest adding her name at the end of the piece. And do you believe it sir, I verily think she meant it as a joke on me, all the time. She was laughing all the while we were talking about the poetry, and I am more than sure she made it a point to come just when you were out to make a fool of me," and Joshua looked downcast and glum as though he had been awfully misused.

"Oh! come, never mind Joshua. Kate has sold both of us. Don't look so mournful about it, she is a veritable chip of the old block, is Kate. She has got into more mischief since she came home than ever you and Spuds did in your balmiest days. Run down and get the beer; and Joshua," winking knowingly at our hero, "probably it would be just as well to keep this to ourselves, you know."

"Catch me saying anything about it; I felt as though I could sell out for five cents and take it in small change. I felt just as mean as that."

CHAPTER VIII.

A VISIT TO KATE'S HOME.—AN UMBRELLA EPISODE.—
A SLIGHT DISAGREEMENT WITH MR. JONES.—CON-
CLUDES TO TRY HIS LUCK IN A FAR COUNTRY.

On Tuesday evening Joshua, attired in his best clothes, made his way to a corner opposite Mr. Jones' residence determined to watch that gentleman's action closely and not be caught calling while he was at home. In about half an hour he was rewarded by seeing him walk briskly down street. At eight o'clock he summoned up sufficient courage to step over and ring the bell. It was answered by Katie herself, looking if anything better in her evening dress, with the bright bows and ribbons, than in her walking suit.

She met him most cordially at the door and invited him into the parlor, which had been lighted and fixed up especially for the occasion. Be it known that Katie's idea in inviting our hero was rather to overawe him by the finery of their house and to have some fun, in an innocent way at his expense; she having found it somewhat irksome and dull in Swamptown after her lively boarding-school life.

Joshua felt naturally somewhat bashful at first, as he had not been used very much to ladies' society, but Miss

Jones had evidently made up her mind to draw him out and make him feel at home, whether he wanted to or not. They began talking on various subjects; about her school life, society in Swamptown, and things that were going on in the outside world, and she soon discovered that our hero was not the ignoramus that she had at first believed him to be.

Very little so far has been said about his home life. His experiences in his business relation to the world have been largely described. He had been peculiarly situated, as we mentioned before; living alone with his mother in their own cottage and having little to do with the people about them. She was a woman who had received a remarkably good education, in fact had married below her station in life, and she had taught Joshua many things beside what he had learned in school. Her whole aim in life had been to make her boy something more than a mere hand at the case in a printing office, and to this end she had worked. Joshua had received a very good education during the time he attended school, which was supplemented by the knowledge he gained at home, and being naturally bright and quick he had progressed rapidly for one of his years. He seemed to have an insatiable longing for knowledge, and his mother, early in life, instilled in his mind to waste none of his spare hours. He had also been endowed with a remarkable memory and was able to remember and quote articles that he had read but once. From the nature of his occupation in the printing office he had stored up a fund of information that was truly wonderful.

Miss Kate soon discovered that her companion was not the verdant and ignorant person she had imagined him to be.

If the conversation turned on poetry, he seemed perfectly at home; talked of them as friends and old acquaintances; knew their lives and histories; and could quote copiously from their best works. When the conversation changed to prose writers, he was apparently still as much

at home, in fact she must feign acknowledge to herself that he knew much more about them than she did, and spoke readily of books and authors of whom she never had heard. She changed the subject to history, but on this he seemed more conversant than on either of the other themes, and as a last resort she turned to the subject of music.

They had talked for some time and had got quite well acquainted when this subject came up, and he asked if she would not favor him with some music. She gracefully acquiesced and they moved over to the piano, she playing and singing while he turned over the music and chatted on the different pieces. By-and-by she requested him to accompany her in a popular song she was playing. He replied that he never sang in public; sometimes he would sing a little to amuse himself and mother but he made no pretension to being a singer. She pressed on him the fact that they should now consider themselves quite old acquaintances, and that as she had sung so many pieces, he could do nothing less than accompany her in this song, which was one of those having a great run at that time. After considerable pressing, he yielded, and she discovered that he had a very fine tenor voice.

"Why, Mr. Ba igs——"

"Joshua, if you please."

"Excuse me, yes, Joshua. Well Joshua you have got a really fine voice, and sing beautifully; where did you ever learn to sing so well?"

"Oh, I picked it up about the street, I suppose, and then my mother is rather a good singer. We are all alone, you know in the world, and I generally spend the evenings home with her. We often pass away the time in singing and reading, so I may have learned a little in that way; but then I do not sing, Miss Kate, at least not as you sing."

"Oh yes you do, and very nicely I am sure, Joshua,

If you were not so very diffident and bashful, you would do much better too."

They sang several songs together; then talked for a while and the subject turning on a particular book which he had heard of and not seen. She offered to lend it to him to read, and went out for a moment to procure it for him.

While she was out he seated himself at the piano and ran his fingers lightly over the keys. He then played over a short brillante with fair execution. Miss Kate came in just as he finished.

"Why, Mr. Bangs! why did you not tell me you could play——?"

"Joshua, Miss Kate, if you please."

"Well, Joshua; now that is too bad. You should have told me before that you could play, I think."

"Why I don't play anything to speak of Miss Kate."

"You play quite well I can see, as I know the piece, and you played it very nicely, better than I could in fact. When did you ever learn music so thoroughly?"

"Oh I am sure you flatter me, Miss Kate. Whatever little knowledge I may have in this line I must give the entire credit to my mother who plays very nicely. We have an organ at home, and as I said, we spend our evenings largely together. She has taught me to play a little as well as sing, in fact, Miss Kate, whatever little I know is due entirely to the love and persistent efforts of my mother who has labored indefatigably to make me know something."

Little by little with woman's tact, Miss Kate drew from Joshua his family history. How he had been left fatherless early in life, his school days, and his apprenticeship to the printing trade. How that after his departure from the school, his mother and he had studied evenings at home; she studying for company to him and to assist him, and with her mind centred in the one idea of his being something in the world some day. And then he told her of his aspirations and hopes.

"Because you know, Miss Kate, a man can never be anything in the world now a days unless he has a certain amount of education. Money is a nice thing to have but you must have something to back it up, if you want any comfort and do not desire to be the laughing stock of the country. Look at Hardtack now. I wouldn't take his money to-morrow and be as ignorant as he. No, not if he had twice as much."

The more she talked with and saw of our hero, the more surprised she was at the depth of thought, and the amount of knowledge there was stowed away underneath that fiery capillary covering.

The time quickly flew away and ten o'clock came only too soon. Joshua arose to go, thanking her sincerely for the very pleasant evening she had given him.

"You see, Miss Kate, I am afraid I have bored you with my company to-night. You have somehow made me do almost the whole of the talking, and I should have much rather listened to you. I am not used to lady's society you know, as I rarely go out in the evenings, except to some entertainment in the Town Hall; so you must kindly excuse any breaches of etiquette that I may have made."

She thanked him very much for having come and insisted on a promise to repeat his visit. She regretted the fact of the certain amount of secrecy connected with their acquaintance, but she promised in return that she would pave the way for an open avowal of their friendship as soon as a good opportunity presented itself. In the mean while she would make a point of dropping down quite frequently to the office, and would let him know how things were progressing. By the time they separated they were exceedingly good friends.

After this visit, Miss Kate often came down to the office and spent an hour or so. When Mr Jones was present she would chat away with him and occasionally let fly a sally at our hero, who would answer as unconcernedly as though she was but a casual acquaintance.

Nothing out of the usual run occurred after the next issue of the paper. Joshua took particular care in writing his locals not to excite the animosity of any other of the town's people.

On Friday afternoon as he was walking down Main Street he was called after by Bosin, who rushed frantically out of his store to call him.

"Well what's wanted?" asked Joshua following him into the shop.

"I want you to get me out a poster just as soon as you can. That plaguey umbrella will be the death of me yet. I guess about every man in town has called in to claim that old cotton umbrella. It has occupied the time of two of my clerks since yesterday morning, answering questions about it, and there don't seem to be any let up to it. I want a poster out saying the owner has claimed it, and possibly that may keep the people from the other side of the river making a raid on me, too?"

Just then a man came into the store and asked the clerk,—

"I think I saw an advertisement in the *Era* yesterday morning about an umbrella —"

"Jumping Jupiter! will they never cease coming in," he shouted "that umbrella was claimed by a widow with seven children, yesterday morning, and you are about the two hundredth man that has called for it."

Turning to Joshua he said, "I have had men here to-day who were bitter enemies of mine and who never thought of buying anything of me; all kinds, classes and shades. I'll never advertise another 'found' again, if I know myself. This has settled the question of newspaper advertising in my mind. There is nothing like it."

A year passed by. Very little change was observable in the town. The Swamptownians went about their business as usual, and society had its ebbs and flows, its flutters and flurries, and then subsided again. Things had gone on about the same in the *Era* office. Joshua had been in

numerous scrapes, and had got out of them in some way without having received any serious injury.

The acquaintance with Miss Kate had ripened into a strong friendship, and their growing intimacy, strange to say, had never been noticed by *pere* Jones. The little flirtation had been going on right under his very nose and still with the proverbial blindness of parents, he had not taken the least notice of it; if he had, it was to think that Kate was playing some of her pranks on our hero. The young people met occasionally at the house of Mr. Jones, but again, strange to say, Joshua had never happened to meet that gentleman at home.

But a climax came to their 'love's young dream' on one memorable Wednesday evening, and as it was a turning point in Joshua's career, and a day of considerable note in the small community of Swamptown it will be in order to give the particulars of this event.

For some months past Mr Hardtack had been paying marked attention to Miss Jones, which attention had been very distasteful, it is needless to say, to that young lady, but had been encouraged by her father.

Mr. Hardtack was a gentleman about fifty years of age, rather good looking—in his own estimation—and was the possessor of considerable wealth, which made him an object of interest in the eyes of *pere* Jones. Miss Kate had taken every opportunity of letting her aged admirer know that his feelings were not reciprocated, but he seemed determined to press his suit. He had made a confidant of Mr. Jones with regard to his admiration for his daughter, and that gentleman had given him to understand that Kate's apparent coldness resulted from her desire to tease him rather than a dislike, and encouraged him to believe that a few months at farthest would change her manner towards him, and that she would then be willing to marry him.

Joshua was not kept all this time in blissful ignorance of what was going on at the Jones' mansion. Kate would

pour out her trials in his willing ear, and if Mr. Hardtack could have heard the remarks made about him, if *his ears* would not have tingled, then there is no virtue in that sign.

Of course our hero sympathized with Miss Kate—deeply sympathized,—and was just longing, with a longing unutterable for an opportunity to get square with his rival. In this effort he was nobly seconded by Spuds, who was his confidant and friend as well in his love, as other scrapes. Now that Mr. Jones and Mr. Hardtack were such great friends, it would be as much as their situations were worth to take any advantage of him through the paper, had they any such inclination. Another thing that “wired up” Joshua considerably was to have Mr. Jones extol and laud Mr. Hardtack in the course of their conversation in business hours. Mr. Jones would lean back in his chair, place his feet on the desk and remark to Joshua that when Kate and old Hardtack got married, he would do so and so; what a nice couple they would make, and what a fine man Hardtack was, when you came to know him; things not very agreeable to our hero and pretty hard to acquiesce in. He would be taken with a most diligent fit about that time; very much engrossed in his work, and would answer in monosyllab'es. By and by when Mr. Jones would get wrapped up in his dream of his daughter's future, and enshrouded in tobacco smoke, Joshua would retire to the printing office to vent his indignation, and receive the sympathies of his friend Spuds.

This thing had been going on for several months and was becoming exasperating to our hero, when things took a most sudden and unexpected change.

Now Mr. Jones was a great sufferer from rheumatism, which always attacked him more severely in the spring. It would lay him up for weeks at a time, and all the paper proofs and business would have to be taken to his residence for his perusal and approval. At times the attacks of rheumatism would be so severe that he would be confined to his room, and Joshua would have to look

after the paper and attend to the general business of the office. This would necessitate quite frequent trips to the house on his part, and would give him the much desired opportunity of seeing and conversing with Miss Kate. There can be no doubt that Joshua rather enjoyed these periodical attacks, and looked forward with no small pleasure to the time when Mr. Jones would be confined to the house again. In this particular spring he had had a more severe attack than usual, having been laid up nearly three weeks.

Thursday had been declared a public holiday, and it was decided to issue the paper on the evening before; this would give the compositors the benefit of the full holiday, something not always enjoyed in a newspaper office. There was to be an excursion by boat to a city some fifty miles below, in the morning, and the printers were all anxious to get off to it.

All the proofs were seen and corrected by Mr. Jones on Wednesday evening, who had been, as stated, not able to get out of his room. On Wednesday afternoon the foreman and printers had "closed up" the forms, and put them on the press. A man was to come in the morning and turn the papers off, and the boys would be on hand to fold and deliver them to the subscribers. There was thus no necessity for the printers and foreman to be around in the morning, so they had concluded to avail themselves of the rare holiday and go off on the excursion.

That afternoon there had been a little fracas between Mr. Hardtack and Mr. Howard, a shoemaker having a shop next door to Mr. Hardtack; and after it was over both gentlemen were very desirous that the matter should be hushed up, and that the papers would not make any mention of it. Mr. Hardtack had called at the *Era* office in the afternoon about it, and Joshua had said that of course it would be all right, etc., but after events proved that it was anything but all right.

Joshua went up that evening to Mr. Jones' as was his custom, with the mail, and after delivering it, retired as usual to the parlor to enjoy a quiet chat with Kate. They chatted and talked, and even went so far as to sing a little in a subdued way, after which they sat down on the sofa and chatted for a while longer. He got so deeply engrossed in telling her about the fight between Hardtack and Howard that they forgot all about time and place, and bursts of silvery laughter echoed through the room, as he dwelt graphically on the scenes of the encounter. Whether from a desire to be economical, or from the reason that they were afflicted with weak eyes—an affliction, by the way, which is becoming alarmingly prevalent among the young people of this age—the lamp had been turned down quite low. While thus engaged in enjoying Hardtack's defeat, the parlor door quietly opened, and *pere* Jones in decidedly scanty apparel, a prominent object being a night-cap of huge dimensions and of a delicate shade of red, stood on one foot in the door with the other stuck out before him like the snowplough on a locomotive, and so bandaged up that it looked more like a large roll of cotton wool than a human limb.

The light was not so low but that Mr. Jones could see that Joshua had his arm around Kate's waist, and that she was resting lovingly in his embrace. For at least a minute Mr. Jones was so stifled with anger that he could not find words to express himself, but this state of things did not last long. With a howl caused by anger and the twinge of his bandaged leg, he reached for a chair, and looked around as if searching for something to hurl at our hero.

The noise had the effect of bringing Mrs. Jones down stairs in her *robe de nuit*, and in great alarm, believing that the house was on fire or that burglars had taken possession.

The young people looked decidedly sheepish; all the blood in Joshua's body seemed to have centred in his

face. His very hair appeared to stand on end as the enormity of his offence dawned upon him.

"Leave my house immediately, sir, and never set foot in it again!" yelled Mr. Jones. "Kate, go to bed at once."

"One moment, sir, before I leave. I wish to tell you that Kate has accepted my offer of marriage, and not until she had done so did I presume on any familiarity."

"Not another word, sir, I shall receive no explanation. Go!"

"Very well sir, when you send for me I will return."

"Never."

Joshua quietly took up his hat and shaking hands with Kate said to her:—

"It is to be regretted dear, that this scene has occurred. Good-by! It may be some time before you see me again, but I shall ever remain the same."

He attempted to speak to Mr. Jones again, but that gentleman would not listen to him and was in such a towering rage, that our hero saw the best thing for him to do was to retire, which he accordingly did

On leaving the house of Mr Jones, although it was already late in the evening, he hurried to where Spuds lived, and by throwing pebbles against his bed-room window soon brought that young gentleman to the front.

"What's up Josh? Fire anywhere?"

"No, worse than that, there's the very deuce to pay up at pa Jones'"

"You go around to the front door and I'll skip down and let you in, and you can tell me all about it."

Joshua went around to the front and in a few moments Spuds sprung the bolt and let him in. They went up to the bed-room and while Spuds was attiring himself, Joshua told him of the culmination of affairs

"So the old man didn't offer to kick, eh?"

"Well no, not exactly, but that wasn't from want of the inclination. If it had not been for that rheumatism

your most sanguine expectations would have been realized. Gracious! when I think of it I shudder at the narrow escape I had with my life."

"What are you going to do now, Josh? There is not the least doubt but the boss will bounce you seventeen feet for Sunday, to-morrow."

"Spuds, how much money have you got?"

"Well, that is not an answer to my question, and from some I should consider it quite an impertinent remark; but seein's how it's you, let me see, I have twenty-five cents and the boss owes me for this week's wages up to date."

"Not much capital to start on; but say, Spuds, how would you like to see the world?"

"I should like to see it immensely, but bless you my stock in trade wouldn't realize enough to buy a ticket for the excursion to-morrow."

"Well, Spuds, my boy, there is no use in my waiting around this town any longer, for if I am here to-morrow Mr. Jones will give me the 'grand bounce' and I don't propose giving him that pleasure if I know myself; so I am going off on that excursion to Caneville to-morrow, and I shall take the train from there for the States, in the afternoon. I have got a little money, it is not much, but if you like to come along we'll divide it as far as it will go. What say you, Spuds old boy is it a go?"

"W-h-e-w!" and Spuds emitted a long but low whistle.

"It is a pretty lively way to leave one's native soil, but hanged if I see as there is much use in knocking around here much longer. There don't seem any show for a raise, and old Jones wants you to work for nothing, and eat yourself, and it's getting too plaguey thin, and 'don't you cease to remember it.' Yes, I'm in with you every time. I'll be down to that boat before seven o'clock, and now you scoot around home and tell your mother about things, and let her get your Saratoga packed, for I know you will want a lot of trunks along with you."

"No; I shall only take a hand satchel, but as you say,

I must get home and tell mother. What are you going to do about telling your folks?"

"I ain't going to say a word about it to them. I am afraid that father might object. I shall tell one of the hands at Caneville to tell the folks, when he comes back, and they will know I am all right, but now you had better 'git,' as I have something particular to attend to to-night before I go to sleep, and I have not got any time to spare."

Joshua walked around home, and arousing his mother told her of his determination. She did not offer any opposition, seeing that her boy would not be content to remain and be debarred from visiting Kate, so she proceeded to get a few things that he might need, packed in a hand valise.

The morning came bright and beautiful. Joshua was up early and had his breakfast long before the boat was to start. The separation between mother and son, the first lengthy separation, was hard to bear. She gave him the good advice that mothers know so well how to give, and made him promise to return whenever he got homesick, or if he did not like the work, or his surroundings and that he would write home often, all of which he promised faithfully to do. With a last fond embrace he rushed from the home that had sheltered him for the past twenty years, into the great world to find out what its trials and hardships were, things he knew little of in quiet Swampstown.

As he walked away from the house it was but natural that his feelings should be depressed, and he almost regretted the step he had taken. Then the thought of the effect of the last evening's interview with Mr. Jones and the desire to make a name for himself so that he would not be ashamed to return and claim Kate, came up before him, and he walked forward with a firm step, determined to succeed.

On arriving at the boat he looked around in every direction for Spuds, but that personage had evidently not

made his appearance as yet, so he purchased their tickets and took up a position on the wharf to watch for his friend, and see who were going on the excursion.

Just as he was beginning to fear that Spuds had overslept himself and would be left, that young gentleman came tearing down the wharf.

"What kept you so late, Spuds? I've been waiting around here nearly an hour for you."

"Oh! I had a little business to attend to, and it took longer than I expected. I'll tell you about it by and by when we get on the boat. Say! did you bring anything to eat. I was in such a hurry that I came away without my breakfast, or for that matter hardly anything," and he glanced down at his clothes and viewed them over. "Joshua, this which you now behold is the immortal Spuds, prepared to go forth into the world and carve a name on the tablets of enduring memory; and you behold him dressed in his complete wardrobe. He now stands before you with only twenty-five cents and a brass composing rule to his name. Well what about a bite to eat, Joshua?"

"I have got our lunch stowed away on the boat. We had better get on board or we will get left. We will get out those edibles and endeavor to satisfy the cravings of that awful appetite of yours. I wouldn't wonder but your folk will be glad to learn that you have 'struck out,' as you say, for yourself. I believe it was generally considered, was it not, that it took all you could earn and half your father's salary to keep you from starving to death?"

"Come, Josh. don't try to be funny. It comes with bad grace from one who got caught as you did last night, my boy."

The boys pushed their way on board just as the whistle blew, and retiring to a secluded place the lunch was spread out and Spuds helped himself. Joshua noticed that it was almost impossible for his companion to keep his eyes open while eating, and he wondered a little at it, consider-

ing that he had more sleep than himself, and besides Spuds was generally pretty wide awake.

The boat moved away from the wharf amid cheering from the crowd on board and their friends on shore. It was a gay scene on that beautiful spring morning. Joshua thought, as he glanced back at the fast receding town, that possibly he might never see it again, and his thoughts roamed off in a melancholy strain. No such sentiments, however, appeared to occupy the mind of Spuds, for after his hasty bite he livened up wonderfully.

The boys walked around the boat and found numerous friends and acquaintances among the excursionists.

"There is old Muffins, Josh. I am going to block him for a V.; he will lend it to me I know, but I don't propose letting on to him that I am not going to return this trip. See me work him," and Spuds started off before our hero could interfere.

In a few moments he cornered Mr. Muffins and made his request, which was readily granted. He returned to Joshua with the bill in his hand.

"See here Josh, you had better be treasurer for this syndicate. Muffins took hold like a salmon in fly time I just asked him to let me have five dollars and I would return it in a day or two, and he never asked a question but said 'certainly' and handed it out like a gentleman. I tell you Muffins ain't such a bad 'old bummer' after all, and I don't propose that he shall lose this if I know myself. The first money I earn I shall send it on to him. Now do you know I am just awful sleepy and I am going to transplant myself to the upper deck and lie down for a nap. You can come or stay here. In the meantime I have a copy of this morning's *Era*, and, as you used to be interested in that paper, why you might like to read some of the editorials."

"Oh hang the *Era*, I know every word there is in it off by heart, I guess. I had to hold copy while Jones read a lot of his, and I had to read the rest of it myself, so what

I don't know about this morning's paper ain't worth knowing."

"Well, that may be all very true, you may *think* that way, but I'll guarantee that you haven't read it half as closely as you will, and I think there is considerable in this issue that will interest even you."

"Pshaw! what was the good of your bringing down the *Era*. Now if you had brought along with you some of the exchanges with something fit to read in them, that would have been something like."

My dear Joshua, please don't be so awfully positive as to your knowledge of this issue of the *Era*, and don't you destroy that copy, or let Muffins see you have one, or any of the hands, as that is the only one I have. You just read it over carefully and doubtless you will find something in it that will interest you, and I will go up on the deck to sun myself and try and get a little sleep."

Joshua carelessly opened the paper and glanced over it. It was that morning's issue of the *Era* which had been left on the press the night before. He had seen it all ready for the press, had read the proofs, and knowing the articles almost off by heart, with other things weighing on his mind, he did not feel particularly interested in it.

He glanced over it carelessly and was about to fold it up and place it in his pocket, as a souvenir of his last work on the *Era*, when his attention was riveted by a bold head line which he knew had not been in the paper as he left it the night before. In a prominent place in the editorial column was an article which read as follows:—

A DISGRACEFUL STREET SCENE.

A DRUG STORE PROPRIETOR MAKES AN EXHIBITION OF HIMSELF, AND LETS THE WORLD KNOW WHAT KIND OF A MAN HE IS.

The *Nrc* has always made it one of the first principles of that paper to let the community know the truth, and nothing but the truth, of what is going on in their midst. Never has it hesitated to show up the bad and worthless, to expose fraud and dishonesty, regardless of consequences, whenever it was brought under its notice. In like manner it has been the aim of the editor to give credit where it is due, and to point out the good and true basis of responsible government and honest business dealings. Thus has the name of the paper been established on the solid rock of right and justice, and has created for itself the name of being *reliable* from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts.

We make no comment on our apparent harsh statements as regards a prominent business man of this town, and one who has hitherto borne a name for integrity and uprightness in our community, other than to state that he has the full benefit of the law to back him up if any of our statements do not hold water. Justice to ourselves and the public demands us to place the facts as they are.

We have taken great pains to discover the true cause of the fracas on Centre street yesterday afternoon, and we are in a position to state that our information is correct in every particular.

The parties to the trouble were Mr. Hardtack, an individual who has been posing himself as an honest man and a pattern, so to speak, in the community, and Mr. Howard, a shoe dealer of integrity and sterling worth, who has in his long business career in this community established a reputation for honesty and uprightness. With regard to Mr. Hardtack, inquiries have brought to light the fact that he has been carrying on his business by scheming and maneuvering, and has been running in debt in every direction. He has been doing a considerable business in the drug line, and was thought to have some little money. It appears now that he has been buying largely on credit, and that his reputed wealth is all a myth. Mr. Howard occupies the next store to Mr. Hardtack and is too well known to our citizens to require any remarks on our part.

On the first of the week Mr. Hardtack called on Mr. Howard to borrow one hundred dollars to carry him over some pressing emergency, and which he promised he would return on the next day. He gave Mr. Howard an I. O. U. for the money, which that gentleman placed carelessly in a drawer back of the counter. On Wednesday afternoon, being in need of the money, Mr. Howard dropped in the store of Mr. Hardtack, and wanted to know if he could let him have it as well as not, as he had an acceptance to take up that afternoon and was hard pressed, at the same time remarking

that by some carelessness he had lost or destroyed the I. O. U., and having searched high and low was unable to find it, but supposed it did not make any particular difference, as he would give him a written acknowledgment of the receipt of the money.

The strange part of the proceeding is that as soon as Hardtack discovered that the proof of indebtedness was missing he suddenly lost all knowledge of the transaction, and disputed all claims by Howard. As he was evidently under the influence of liquor, Mr. Howard concluded to wait until he was sober before again speaking to him on the subject. He quietly retired to his store and was attending to his business as usual, when Mr. Hardtack entered, and with loud and coarse language and still under the influence of liquor, demanded of him to come out and settle the question on the street. Mr. Howard, who has always been a law-abiding citizen and who is a prominent member of the Methodist Church, endeavored to pacify his neighbor and to lead him to the door. Mr. Hardtack thereupon threw himself upon him in a great rage and dragged him into the street. Several citizens interfered, and Mr. Hardtack was taken to his boarding house instead of the jail, where he should rightly have gone.

We understand Mr. Howard has entered proceedings to recover the money and that he has since found the lost I. O. U. A charge was laid at the police office for assault and battery against Mr. Hardtack, but was afterwards withdrawn. We were called upon to suppress the publication of anything on the subject, but must fearlessly fulfil our duty. Many of Mr. Hardtack's little schemes are now coming to light, and the sooner the community is rid of such persons the better for all.

CHAPTER IX.

LEAVING HOME. MR. JONES' SURPRISE—AT PORTLAND— THE ARRIVAL AT BOSTON.

Joshua could hardly believe his senses. Was it possible that the last issue of the *Era*, on which he had worked so indefatigably should appear with this extraordinary article? The thought of the sleepy appearance of Spuds that morning, his evident hurry to get on board, and his desire for secrecy, flashed across his mind and he saw through it in a moment. He knew then that Spuds must have spent the remainder of the night in the *Era* office. That he must have written, set up, corrected and exchanged this article for one of Mr. Jones' cherished editorials. What would Mr. Jones think of him (Joshua); he would set it down as a piece of petty spite. The papers were sure to be run off and distributed about the town; all the printers were off on the excursion, and Mr. Jones was not in a condition to make any explanation. It was very evident that Mr. Hardtack would have his name pretty badly handled before night. Joshua, could hardly bear to think of it. What would Kate and his mother think of him? and he groaned in spirit at the thought. Spuds in his zeal had over done the joke and injured his reputation. All these things rapidly passed through our hero's mind as he gazed at the paper.

He felt that he was in a position in which there was no way to do anything, or say anything to place himself right with his friends, and he would have to let things take their course.

Folding up the paper he climbed to the upper deck where Spuds lay in the shadow of one of the beams with his coat under his head for a pillow and his eyes directed to the fleecy clouds as they rapidly passed over. Joshua seated himself on an empty herring box and looked intently at his companion for several minutes before making any remark.

"Spuds, you have got me into a terrible scrape by that article of yours. I can see through all your "press of business" now. You could not have thought of the effect of it—how the boss would look at the matter,—I tell you Spuds" energetically, "you need not laugh; it is all very well for us to leave home but I proposed to do it honorably, and then Jones could have found no excuse or complaint to make, now this will give him something to handle. Spuds, I am awful sorry you did it before speaking to me," and Joshua relapsed into silence, looking as glum as a hen with a lame foot.

"Come, Josh, don't look so mournful about it. To look at you and judge by your face one would imagine you had lost every friend and relative you had in the world, come, brace up; ain't I here to support and comfort you? Pshaw! things are not half as bad as you think they are. Let me tell you my little story and you will feel better."

"It's no use Spuds, you can't better this thing anyway you may twist it; it is all worse—no better to it. By jove, I wouldn't wonder but they would have us arrested for defamation of character when we get into Caneyville."

"Defamation of your grandmother; I tell you everything is all right and I can prove it if you will only listen for five minutes without croaking like an advent minister or looking as glum as a hired mourner for a funeral. You would make a first class undertaker, you would. Give you a beaver with a crape band on it and a pair of black gloves and you could palm yourself off for one of the fraternity anywhere. I tell you, you

needn't be afraid of old Hardtack. He won't bother you and don't you cease to remember it."

"Well go on with your explanation, if you have any to make. I wish I was as sanguine as you in the matter, but I suppose we might as well take things easy until we get to Caneville, at least."

"Now, Josh, don't be foolish, or imagine that I would do anything that would implicate you. My dear fellow I think you have known me long enough by this time to give me credit for some little discretion."

"Yes, Spuds, I have known you a good while, and I acknowledge that you have always got out of scrapes wonderfully well, but for the life of me I can't see how you are going to get out of this; but go ahead with your story."

"You know you are always so awfully positive of a thing that there is not much pleasure in arguing with you, but then I shall excuse you in the present condition of your feelings. Your nerves are quite unstrung I see after last night's racket with the boss. But to begin at the beginning. After I left you at our house last night, I went down to the office, as you imagined, and wrote up that article. I never had the privilege before of getting a thing in the paper just as I wanted it, so I was determined on this occasion to give the facts to suit myself. Now, Josh, you needn't groan so loud, but the beauty of that article is that it is true as gospel every word of it, and Hardtack or the boss can't get over it, at least that part which refers to Hardtack is true enough. I won't be so positive about the remarks that refer to the *Era*. After we left the office at six o'clock I went down town and interviewed Mr. Howard and several other persons who were about when the racket took place, and I sifted out the full particulars. Hardtack was as drunk as a lord, and there is no doubt he intended to cheat Howard out of the money. You see, Josh, you had been working around so between the boss' house and the office

that you actually didn't know what was going on outside yesterday."

"Well that may be all true enough Josh, but Mr. Jones will think I did it out of clear spite, and you could not make him believe otherwise; besides he wouldn't have had that go in the paper for anything, after being such a friend of Hardtack's."

"Don't you fret yourself about that. I left a note on the desk addressed to him and saying it was all the doings of 'yours truly,' and besides when Jones comes to read that and to sit down and think awhile, and people come in to congratulate him on the stand he took, bless you, he will feel as good as apple pie. Now you just see if he don't."

"Well, Spuds, that may be all so, I am glad you are so sanguine; I acknowledge I don't feel so certain about it; but I tell you what, I am going to write notes to mother, Kate, and Mr. Jones, repudiating the fact of having had anything to do with it, and throwing it off on you."

"Yes by all means do it, if it will relieve your mind; any, you will find that there will be more honor than reproaches about that same article after all. Now you waltz off and let me try and get a nap or I won't be worth a cent all day."

Joshua retired to the clerk's office and getting the necessary writing material wrote the notes home, and making a confidant of one of the printers on board intrusted them into his keeping for delivery. After getting this off his mind he felt somewhat relieved and climbing up on the deck again stretched himself out alongside his friend and endeavored to get a nap also. In due time the boat arrived at Caneville and our friends went on shore, where we will leave them for a while until we see how things went on at the Jones' mansion.

On Thursday morning Mr. Jones arose much better of his rheumatism and his mind in a much calmer state after the night's repose. The exercise in getting down stairs the

night previous, or the change in the weather had alleviated the pain wonderfully and he was able to get down stairs to breakfast. All these things went towards making him in good spirits. Then the breakfast was good and the coffee just to suit him, so that he really hadn't the heart to find fault about anything. He didn't look half as angry at Kate as she expected he would. After eating his breakfast, he leaned back in his chair and speaking to her said:

"See here Kate, what on earth are you trying to make a fool of Joshua for? Do you think it is right to go flirting with everyone this way; one would think that you felt it a duty to break the heart of everything in pantaloons that came along. Joshua is not a bad kind of a fellow, and I am not going to have you make a confounded fool of him this way. Some day when he wakes up to the fact of what you have been doing, he will wade down to the river and drown himself, and people will blame me, and two to one I shall have to support his mother. I don't mind you fooling with all the other fellows in the town, including Hardtack, but for goodness sake let the hands in the office alone."

"But, father, I am not fooling with Joshua, and I tell you again that I just positively detest old Hardtack, with his smell of stale cigars and poor rum, and furthermore, if he comes here again, I shall not speak to him, so there," and Kate shook her pretty head and went on eating her meal as though she had fully made up her mind to this, come what would.

"Oh! nonsense, you don't know what you're talking about: Why, Joshua is only a reporter. You must look higher than that my dear. Now don't be foolish; Joshua is a good boy enough in his way, and after all I am rather sorry I spoke so hastily last night, but you and he must not get enamoured with one another, that's certain; but then what is the use in my talking. I know you have too much good sense for that."

"Papa, I don't think you know Joshua yet, even if he has been in your office so long. I don't believe you know what a fine singer he is, and he plays remarkably well. He can talk French quite fluently and knows all about poetry, history, romance, in fact anything you can mention."

"Fudge on his singing, it is this tom-foolery that is intimating you. He is a well enough informed youth of his age I have no doubt; but I can bring hundreds who are as well posted as he is, and besides he is as homely as a stone wall built backwards at night. You surely have no idea of *marriage* with our Joshua?"

"Most decidedly I have, my dear papa, whenever he is able to support me, and not before."

"Hump! well there's a consolation in that last clause anyway, because it will be some time, I am glad to say, before this will happen. A pretty state of things has been going on, and right under my very nose too; serves me right well for being so blind," and Mr. Jones picked up his cane and stamped out into the library in great wrath.

A knock was heard at the front door, and was answered by Kate. It was a visitor to see Mr. Jones, one of the town councillors, so he was shown into the library. He saluted that gentleman cordially.

"Jones, old boy, I was real glad to see you come out as you did in this morning's paper. People thought you would cover it up, and shield him, if anything, but I tell you, sir, the whole town is loud in your praise. Says I to Martha—my wife you know—says I, I must go right over and shake hands with Jones. He has found out the villian before it was too late, and given him his full deserts."

"Eh! what?" observed Mr. Jones in a dazed sort of way.

"Yes, about that editorial of yours in this morning's paper, I tell you I was uncommon glad to see it, but you must excuse me now, as I want to run down and see



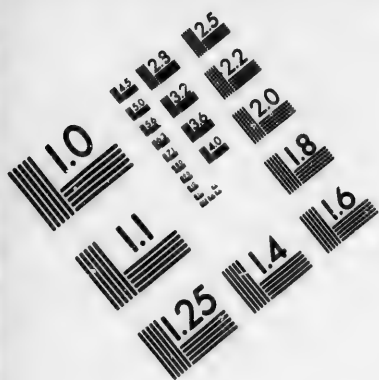
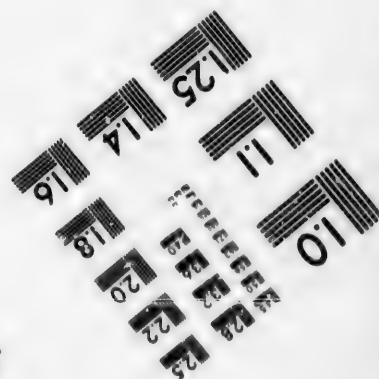
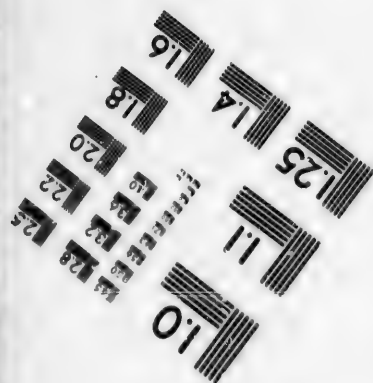
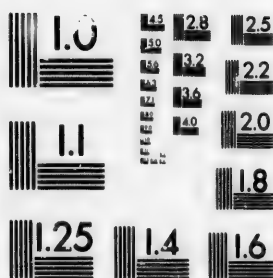


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Howard and see how he is making out. Good morning," and the visitor left Mr. Jones more dazed than ever.

"Kate, my dear, see here" said Mr. Jones rubbing his hands gleeefully. "You remember that editorial I read to you yesterday on 'the Desire for a higher Education among the Arabs' well, Brown was in to say that the people all over town are highly delighted with it; I felt that would take the wind out of the sails of the *Herald*."

Another knock at the door.

"Bless me, Kate, we are having a number of visitors this morning," observed Mr. Jones.

"Is Mr. Jones at home?"

"Yes sir, he is in his library I walk in, Sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Henderson, I am happy to see you," said Mr. Jones, appearing at the door.

Mr. Henderson was one of the most popular lawyers in the town, and was a prominent Liberal-Conservative.

"Good morning, Jones, good morning. I thought I must drop in and offer my congratulations on that effort of yours in this morning's paper. There is no doubt about it the *Era* is coming right out on principle of late. That article to-day fairly excelled anything you have had in for a long time. You know Jones, there was so much truth in it. That is what cuts, after all there is nothing like the truth, even if we don't practice it as much as we should in our profession."

"Glad you liked it, Henderson," remarked Mr. Jones "not quite clear as yet whether it could be the article he had first thought of, or another on 'The general Development of the Country.'"

"Yes, and you need not be afraid of any libel, or anything of that nature for you can prove every word of it, if it ever should come to trial; but now I must go down to see Howard. He has engaged me on the case, and from the evidence we have a sure thing of it. I'll drop in and have a talk with you this afternoon," and Mr. Henderson heartily shook hands, and rushed off down street.

Mr. Jones walked into the library and seated himself. Things were getting more muddled in his mind than ever. He could not think of any article he had written, or that he had read the proof of, that had anything libellous about it.

"Kate," he called, "has this morning's paper come yet? I can't imagine what there could be in it to hurry Brown and Henderson around here so early in the morning to congratulate me about. I thought the paper would be particularly dry and uninteresting this issue."

"The boy is just coming up street, papa, with the papers."

"All right, bring it in when he leaves it," and Mr. Jones got out his pipe and prepared for a smoke.

Kate got her father's paper and also one for herself; the boy left a note which he said he had found on the desk, addressed to Mr. Jones, and thinking it might be something important he had brought it up.

She carried in the note and newspaper to Mr. Jones, and then retired to the sitting room to read over the news to her mother.

After filling his pipe, and settling himself comfortably in his easy chair, Mr. Jones opened out the paper. The moment his practiced eye fell on the page his attention was caught by the bold head-line.

To say that he read it with surprise and indignation would be but a tame way to express his feelings. Kate was called in and had to listen patiently to his tirade against Joshua and all the hands in the office. It was all Joshua's doings, and he was ruined, completely ruined; and here Mr. Jones sank into a chair, his pipe broken, and himself completely prostrated by the shock. Kate emphatically informed him, as soon as she could get a word fit edgewise, that she was glad Mr. Henderson's true nature had come to light, and she believed every single word of it was true; and with this shot the young lady flounced out of the room, leaving him alone in his anger. It was some time before he could get cooled down sufficiently to

think rationally on the matter. Could this have been what the visitors were so pleased about? Was this the solution of the libel problem? Then he thought of the note and eagerly opened it, hoping it might contain the desired information. It read as follows:

MR. JONES,

Dear Sir,

I am afraid I have taken an unpardonable liberty, in your illness, to insert a short article in to-day's paper. The tendency on the part of my friend Joshua, appeared to be to suppress the real facts of Mr. Hardtack's latest move; and as I have often wished to see an article entirely of my own composition in print, I have taken the liberty of searching out the true particulars, and in presenting them candidly to our subscribers. Fearing that Joshua or some of the printers might interfere in my good intentions, I returned to the office after the others had left for the night and wrote, set up, and put it into the form; and I wish it distinctly understood that I am alone deserving of the credit. Fearing also that my first efforts in journalism may not be appreciated by you, and dreading to meet you in your anger, I have conceived the idea of leaving town this morning, in company with Joshua, whom you have so cruelly separated from his heart's love. It is probable he will recover from that, however. As regards the article, if you had not been laid up you would have known that the facts are as represented and that no libel can be brought. I leave with a capital of twenty five cents, and sincerely regret that I am unable to call on you for the balance of my wages. I can't see anything in the office available in the way of cash. There seems little else than a few cheap cigars and a lot of tobacco ashes, and these would not go far in nourishing a healthy infant like

Yours Truly,

Spuds.

P.S.—If you feel way way aggrieved over the article, you can derive the consolation that it was run in at advertising rates—ten cents per line—and that will make up for the loss of space. I believe my wages will about cover this.

Subsequent events proved that Spuds was not so far out in his article after all. Mr. Hardtack disposed of his business that day to his assistant, and quietly departed for parts unknown, but let it be said to his credit that he made good his indebtedness to Mr. Howard before leaving.

As soon as Mr. Jones saw which way the wind was blowing, he fell into line and took the credit largely to himself of Spuds' production.

But to return to our young travellers. As soon as they arrived at the wharf at Caneville, they made their way to a restaurant and had dinner, and from that to the Railway Station. After talking over the matter as to the best place to try their luck, they decided to make their first attempt in Portland, Maine; and tickets were procured for that place by Joshua, who still carried the pocket book. They quietly went off in the evening train and in due time arrived at their destination, pretty well tired out.

They found it would be folly to attempt searching for a boarding-house at that late hour, and in their tired condition; so they walked up to the Commercial Hotel, and after taking dinner, engaged a room for the night. The next morning they took a stroll around town in search of a boarding place and after some little trouble secured one on S— street. The price was arranged at three dollars a week for each, in consideration of their rooming together. After getting this piece of business settled very little remained of the morning. Joshua wrote a short letter home to his mother telling her of his safe arrival and giving a short sketch of their experience thus far in their travels. He had an inward conviction that Kate would somehow make it convenient to see his mother and find out the truth of the flying reports. He was not sure as yet with reference to how Spuds' article took with Mr. Jones and the community, and so was very anxious to hear from home.

In the afternoon the boys went out to look after work. Spuds was of the opinion that Saturday afternoon was a bad time to make a start and strongly advocated waiting over until Monday, but Joshua saw their treasury slowly emptying—they had nine dollars and a half left—and opposed any "putting off till to-morrow what could be done to-day."

It was decided to try their luck at the Advertiser Office

first; so Joshua putting on a bold front walked up-stairs to the city editor's room and asked that personage, who happened to be in, if there was any opening for a reporter. He was politely informed that there was no vacancy at present on the staff.

In the mean time Spuds had interviewed the foreman of the printing office and had succeeded in getting employment without any difficulty. It was arranged that he was to go to work on Monday morning at seven dollars a week, with a raise of wages in the near future, if he was steady and could do as much work as he said he could.

Joshua, nothing daunted by his first failure, applied at the offices of the *Argus* and *Press* but with no better success. There appeared to be no vacancies on the editorial staff of any of the Portland journals.

The boys returned to their lodgings late in the afternoon, Spuds feeling in good spirits but Joshua not so jubilant. As the next day was the Sabbath the boys brushed themselves up nicely and went to church. Joshua would not listen to any conversation with reference to their business prospects, saying that he did not believe in luck or was not any too religious, but he had always made it a point never to talk business on Sunday, and he was not going to begin on that particular one. Spuds growled a little—his home training had not been of the same nature as that of Joshua's—but he saw our hero was in earnest and refrained from any further reference to work. He did not, however, feel much like attending church at first, in his 'travelling suit,' but was induced, after some little coaxing by Joshua, to accompany him.

After church they took a walk back of Portland for some miles and returned much refreshed after their exercise.

On Monday morning Joshua again made an effort to obtain a situation, but seemed doomed to disappointment. Spuds had gone to the printing office that morning and when he returned at night, Joshua told him of his want of success. Our hero suggested immediately leaving for Bos-

of state-qu bank law, and had a no printing order on, but before their capital gave out, but advised Spuds to remain on the *Advertiser* for a while, at least until he got something to do in Boston, as it was very evident that printers were in demand and that Spuds could get work anywhere. That young gentleman, however, would not listen to a separation. They would remain together in Portland for a few weeks—his wages would pay their board and Joshua could be a gentleman at leisure, until something 'turned up'. Spuds was a great believer in luck, and attributed Joshua's want of success to the turn of the moon, or to the reason that he began on Saturday; but Joshua 'pooh-headed' all such ideas. It was not 'our Joshua's' nature to sit down calmly, taking things easy, and to wait for something to turn up, but he saw Spuds was in earnest about their not being separated, and he concluded to wait for a few days at all events. A week passed by and there appeared to be as little sign of a situation as on the first day. Joshua wrote several letters home to his mother and received one from that good lady. He had also sent several to Kate under cover of his mother's address, and as he anticipated that young lady soon became a frequent visitor at his old home, Mr. Jones of course remaining blissfully ignorant of what was going on.

At the end of the week Joshua arose in arms, so to speak, and informed Spuds that nothing would induce him to remain in Portland after Monday.

"Well, that settles it then, Joshua, I'll have to send a note through the mail to the office excusing my absence in some way, for I can't leave you Joshua. I've promised to be a father to you, my boy, and I shall never desert my trust. It shall never be said that Spuds Sheldon went back on the poor."

On second thought they concluded to remain over until Monday evening and take the boat for Boston, as that would be a much cheaper mode of travelling and he more

congenial with their pocket book, which by this time looked as though an elephant had stepped on it.

On Monday evening after settling their board, they again moved onward. Quite a number of passengers were on board the boat, but soon after leaving Portland the boys began to feel that disagreeable sensation—sea-sickness—and they concluded that the best thing for them to do would be to retire to their berths. Seven o'clock in the morning found them alongside Commercial Wharf, at Boston. They had succeeded in getting a little rest, but no sleep, as both had been terribly sea-sick, and as the boat swung around to the wharf they crawled out on deck a woo-begone looking pair.

"Boston is considerably larger than Swampstown, eh, Joshua?" remarked Spuds with a ghastly smile, as he moved down the gang-plank.

"Yes, considerably; but I wonder how we are going to find our way about? We'll get lost as sure as guns. I suppose the first thing is to get some breakfast, and then find some place to put up."

They worked their way through crowds of coaches up the wharf, across Atlantic Avenue to State street, and from that to Washington. Joshua made inquiries of a policeman as to where they could find a cheap restaurant and was directed to School Street. They had no difficulty in finding the place, and had breakfast in one of the many eating houses on that thoroughfare. After breakfast they again made inquiries of that poor man's friend—a policeman, as to what he knew about cheap boarding houses, and were directed to try in the rear of the Common. Following the advice of the policeman they succeeded in finding a place to suit them on Myrtle Street, near the corner of Grove.

They arranged for board at four dollars a week, each, with a widow lady who was the happy possessor of three daughters, and a strong taste for snuff. The first notable event that occurred in connection with their new boarding

place was Spuds falling desperately in love, with one of the daughters. He told Joshua, confidently, on his return from the kitchen that the glance she gave him as she handed out a bar of 'Plucky' soap and a towel, 'clean broke him up,' and he felt that life would be a dreary blank without her company through its trials. It must be remembered that this was in the spring, which largely accounts for the suddenness of the conversion.

Our hero did not pay much attention to his lavish praise and encomiums and told him it must be the change of climate that was troubling him or that he could not be entirely over the effect of their first sea voyage; all of which, however, Spuds stoutly repudiated, and declared it to be a case of 'Love at first sight.'

Their room was on the fourth story, and over-looked a dreary waste of house tops and smokey chimneys, not a very picturesque or inviting scene, as Spuds observed, but then he concluded after mature deliberation that it was not for fine scenery or splendid views that they had travelled from Swamptown, but rather for that very much desired article — money.

Spuds was for remaining at home that afternoon and taking a rest, but Joshua surmised that the rest he wanted was to see that young lady with whom he had so suddenly become enamored. He therefore fairly dragged him out of the house and down to the Common. Everything there was budding forth in the beauties of early summer. It was a scene long to be remembered in the lives of each — this rustic scene in the middle of a busy city. The pond in the Common; the miniature lake in the Public Gardens; the abundance of flowers just blossoming forth; the sparrows as they chirped among the trees, and flew up from the grass in flocks; and the children as they played on the grass, while their nurses flirted with the policemen — all were new sights to our young travellers, who thoroughly enjoyed the novelty and pleasure of the occasion.

After they had walked around the Common and the

Public Gardens they moved along down Tremont street to Cornhill and then to Haymarket Square, taking in all the street scenes and handsome stores along the way. Spuds concluded that after all it was worth the while going out into the world even if they only got as far as Boston.

Early next morning the boys sallied forth in search of work, not like a great many people who remain at home as well as those who go away, to "be looking after a job and praying all the time that they may not find it," but with a determination to find something to do. Luck as Spuds said, seemed to be again with him, as at the first place he made application, he was given work at the rate of eight dollars a week; Joshua was unsuccessful and a little disappointed. When they returned at night he informed Spuds that if he did not meet with better success on the next day, he would give up the attempt to look for a situation as a reporter, and would either go back to the case again, for a while, or look up something else.

"I tell you Josh" replied Spuds, "you have not been taking hold of this thing the right end foremost. You go in to these offices with an over abundance of politeness, and not a sufficiency of cheek, and they can see the green sticking clear out of your eyes, and the hay seed almost sprouting in that sorrel top of yours. I should have imagined your experience would have proven to you that the only known exception to where politeness does not pay is in the company of reporters. The reporters and city editors about this town, as far as I can see of them, have no time to be polite. Brace up and throw chin at the next fellow that saucers you. You can get a case along side of mine in the *World* office, anytime you want it, and the most those fellows can do is to 'fire' you out. Luck has been against you, these few days, Joshua my boy, but it will turn some of these times."

"Well, Spuds, how many times must I tell you that I don't believe in luck. That idea of 'luck' that you have

is all nonsense; a person's luck is what he makes it, and the person who is diligent and honest can succeed anywhere, and I don't propose to look at it for one moment in the light you put it. Besides, politeness always pays, and I don't make even the exception you have made. We shall see what to-morrow will bring forth. I have an idea that I have taken hold of this thing, possibly, a little wrong, but I shall try a new method in my next effort."

Next morning Joshua went out more elated than he had been for the last week. He had been doing a 'heap' of thinking, as he told Spuds, and had made up his mind that he had been taking hold at the wrong end in earnest. He saw there never would be a situation in a newspaper office in busy Boston for him, unless he made one for himself, and he determined to do so.

CHAPTER X.

HIS EXPERIMENT.—ON THE "GLOBE."—BOSTON MUSEUM.— AN ADVENTURE.

In passing down Bloomfield street our hero stepped into a bookstore, and purchase a reporter's note book and pencil, and then proceeded along towards Washington street. As he was passing a door-way he overheard a conversation about some person falling and being seriously injured. Interviewing the parties he found that the accident had happened in the rear of a block of buildings on Camden street and had been caused by the giving way of a scaffold. Joshua immediately took himself off to the place designated and quickly got the particulars. As he was coming out of the alley where the accident had happened, two teams collided, breaking the wagons and

throwing the occupants to the ground, seriously injuring one of them.

Here was another bonanza fallen right into his lap, and he quickly made a note of it, and ascertained the names of the parties. A little further on he heard of a store having been broken into the night before, and a considerable amount of valuable goods taken. He rushed around to the place named and soon had the particulars of this also.

At eleven o'clock he had gathered quite a number of items and he began to think he had now the where-with-all to try his experiment. Walking down Washington street to the *Globe* office, he entered, and pushing his way into the reporters' room, took possession of an unoccupied desk, and wrote his items out in a clear and concise manner. After he had written them out to suit him, he inquired the way to the city editor's room; and quietly entering placed his copy on that gentleman's desk and without making any remarks retired. Over the top of the first page of the copy he had written his name and enclosed it with a pencil mark.

Would the copy be accepted? was the question he kept asking himself over and over again. He made up his mind that at all events he would not be discouraged, but would try until he succeeded. An edition of the *Globe* would be out about three o'clock, so he would not have long to remain in suspense. As he was some distance from his boarding house he went into a restaurant and had lunch, and then strolled around in the vicinity of the *Globe* office until the first edition came out.

He eagerly purchased one of the first that appeared on the street, but was so overcome with the thought of success or failure that he could not bring himself to open it on the public thoroughfare, but made his way across to the Common where he would be to a certain extent secluded from the public gaze. Seating himself on a bench under one of the many shade trees, he opened the paper and eagerly glanced over it. At first he could not find any-

thing of the articles he had written, but on looking over the paper again more closely he was surprised to find several with large display headings, in a prominent place.

At last he had succeeded. He felt that success was within his grasp. He had started the wedge, all he required was to drive it.

Next day he took the same course, hunting up his items and writing them out as before. He was surprised to find how much there was to get when he began looking for them, and how comparatively easy it was to what he had imagined. Each day he would deposit his budget of items on the city editor's desk without making any remark. That personage did not appear to take any particular notice of our hero, but would scoop the copy into a drawer and continue at the work he was engaged on, busily looking up. Each day the articles would appear; sometimes displayed with conspicuous headings, at others, among the news items; seldom would he miss finding them somewhere in the paper.

On Saturday afternoon about five o'clock Joshua walked briskly into the city editor's room, and up to the desk where that gentleman was seated.

"Well?" said the editor without glancing up from his writing.

"Is there any particular ground you would like me to do next week?" asked our hero.

"Humph! I thought you were writing for the pleasure of seeing your articles in print, but I see you are not as green as I took you for at first. Let me see! what experience have you had as a reporter any way?"

"Not very much to speak of, sir. I have been on a country weekly, but I think I shall be able to give you satisfaction in any line you may place me."

"Well, Thompson is off for a week and we may be short handed. I have watched your items and they have been rather well written, a little countryfied, perhaps, but you will soon get into the metropolitan style. I think you had better do the Police Court and you can pick up anything

that may suggest itself to you as an item as you go along. I guess you can do the work all right. I shall put you on the day staff, under my supervision. Your hours will be from eight to four, but of course, you will be liable to be placed on the night staff at any moment, or to be called for extra work. Report Monday morning at eight o'clock, sharp, when you will receive instructions. By the way do you take anything?"

"Do you mean, do I drink? - No, sir, I am afraid I am a country boy in that particular."

"Just as well you don't, young man, and see that you don't learn when among the boys. The very curse to our staff is the inclination some of our best reporters have to get on a 'bender' when the most important work is on. Keep clear of liquor."

"One moment sir," as the editor turned to his desk, "I see there were some 500 odd lines of my copy run in during the week. I suppose the cashier will give me the usual two cents a line for it?"

"Humph! yes, I suppose so. Here is an order for it. In future your wages will be ten dollars a week, until we see what you can do; now get out of the office as I am busy," remarked the editor good-naturedly, handing him the note.

Joshua retired to the counting-room and had the order cashed and his name put on the staff books. He then hurried to his boarding house to write the good news to his mother and Kate. It is a question which was the most pleased over the success which had followed his efforts, himself or Spuds. The last named individual was particularly demonstrative on hearing the fact, and was for having a grand ovation of some kind in honor of the occasion. The treasury had diminished until there was less than a dollar left. Now that it had come up with such a jump they decided to indulge in a few luxuries. After some discussion they concluded to visit the Boston

Museum that evening; their dissipations up to this time having been confined to the free shows on the streets, and religious gatherings.

"Do you know Spuds," observed Joshua, glancing over that party's garments, "do you know that we shall have to purchase you a suit of clothes, just as soon as the treasury get up to that mark."

Spuds looked ruefully over his travel-stained raiment, and thought of the impression a new suit would make on Eliza - the landlady's daughter over whom he had got so eloquent on their arrival - and remarked that he guessed it would be a good investment.

That evening the boys made their preparations, and walked down Tremont Street in the direction of the Museum. On the way a thought presented itself to Joshua and he quickly made it known to Spuds.

"See here Spuds, I don't believe we will have to pay anything to get into the show after all, if we only manage this thing right. The cashier in the *Globe* office gave me a press badge and I think with a little manœuvring we can block the theatre folk for two passes.

"I don't believe you can fetch them, Josh; this is not like a country place by any means. It is worth while trying, however, and if there is anything in cheek I will back you every time."

On arriving at the theatre they found they were considerable before the time of opening, but the ticket seller was already in the office. Joshua walked boldly up to the window and asked for passes for two, showing his badge. The ticket-seller remarked that there had been tickets sent to the office, and demurred a little, but eventually passed out the necessary paste-boards. Our friends soon found themselves in the Museum.

They had some time before the performance began, and they occupied this in viewing the objects of curiosity gathered from all parts of the world, to be found in the Museum proper. At eight o'clock they repaired to the theatre Hall,

and giving their checks to an usher, were shown to their seats. ~~Short time~~

The play on that evening was "Lottie", and the acting and scenery was naturally far beyond anything the boys had ever seen in their country home. They therefore thoroughly enjoyed the performance, and it was with a sigh of regret they saw the curtain go down on the last act.

The performance was over; everybody pushed for the entrance, and the boys not being used to such large crowds got separated on their way to the door. Joshua did not mind this, particularly as he knew Spuds could find his way home easily enough, and that he had a latch-key, but on arriving at the entrance he found that a heavy rain-storm had come on while they were in the building, and as he had the only umbrella the firm sported, he saw that it was very likely Spuds was in for a drenching if he had started for home alone.

The entrance and side-walk were completely blocked with persons looking for friends, or waiting for the horse-car to come along that would take them nearest home. Joshua pushed his way through the crowd to the edge of the walk and there stationed himself, vainly endeavoring to discover his friend amid the throng. Gradually the crowd dispersed, and soon there were but half a dozen people about the entrance; still there was no sight of his friend. In looking around his attention was attracted by a young lady, who was standing in the hallway, endeavouring to tie a handkerchief over her hat, and at the same time hold a fan, mantle and opera glass. Our hero glanced around and failing to see any escort with her, stepped forward and asked if he might not be allowed the pleasure of assisting. She looked quickly up, but appeared reassured by the appearance of our friend, and after a slight hesitation accepted the proffered assistance by allowing him to hold the articles while she adjusted the covering on the hat. After fixing this to suit her, she took the articles from Joshua, and thanking him, started as if

to walk out into the heavily pouring rain. Joshua looked around again and seeing that none of those near made any move as though to accompany her, politely raised his hat and observed:—

"You will excuse me, Miss, but I am not sufficiently well acquainted with Boston and its people to be very well up in the etiquette of the place. However, I don't think it would be presuming on my part, to remark that the covering you have on your hat would not protect it, in the slightest, in this heavy rain. Now, if you will allow me I shall have much pleasure in seeing you home and possibly my umbrella, which you see is quite large enough for two, may keep off the rain a little. I am on the staff of the *Globe*, and I think you can rely on my being a safe escort.

The young lady looked out into the rain and hesitated. All the audience had by this time dispersed; and the janitor was putting out the lights and preparing to close the heavy doors. She apparently concluded that she would have to risk the proffered company of our hero, or have her finery spoiled. They stepped out into the darkness and storm together, Joshua carefully holding the umbrella in such a manner as to protect her as much as possible from the pouring rain. He made several ineffectual attempts to draw her into conversation but she answered merely in monosyllables.

In passing a corner several drunken rowdies came out of a saloon, singing a rough song. She instinctively grasped our hero's arm as they passed along; the ravers, however, did not make any effort to molest them and they continued on their way. Joshua had inquired as to the direction they should take on leaving the Museum and she had given a certain number on Beacon Street, but as our hero was not very well posted with regard to the numbers and run of the streets as yet, he had informed her as to his ignorance, and requested her to be the guide.

After they had walked some distance, she glanced up into Joshua's face and said, "I suppose you think it queer that I should be out so late alone?"

"Oh, no! I never thought anything about it. I have not the least doubt you have a good reason. I can assure you if I had not thought you were a *lady*, I should not have been so anxious about your welfare."

"I am sure I am flattered in having your good opinion, and I think after your kindness, I owe you an explanation. Well, the way of it was just this, I came to the theatre this evening with my sister and a gentleman friend, but during the crush in getting out we became separated, and I suppose they must have thought I had met with some friend and had gone home before they got out. You must excuse my hesitation in not accepting your kind offer at first, but I really was so entirely overcome at my situation that I could hardly think."

"Don't mention it, I pray you; I am sure I feel only too happy to be able to be of any assistance to a lady in distress."

From this to the end of their walk they conversed quite freely on general subjects, and disagreeable and all as the weather was, Joshua regretted exceedingly when they arrived at her home. During the whole of their walk it had been raining steadily, and seemed to be rather increasing than showing any signs of holding up. Arriving at the door, Joshua was about to bid her good night, when she requested him to remain for a moment while she procured for him her brother's rubber coat, so that he would not be washed away completely, as she laughingly observed. He protested against the trouble, but she would not listen; "beside," said she, "This will be an excuse for you to call, and I know well you are just dying for an excuse."

"Of course that puts a new phase on the question, but you don't even know my name, or address, and how do you know that I will ever return it?"

"Oh! I shall risk that. I pride myself on being a

great judge of character, and I have not the slightest doubt about it being returned.

"Well," remarked Joshua, taking the coat, "I shall give you my card and I can assure you that you will receive your coat all right."

"When you come with it you can enquire for Maggie Selwin, and I think Tuesday evening I shall be at home; if you are at liberty that evening I shall be pleased to see you."

Remarking that he would certainly be there, our hero bade her 'good-night' and made his way to his boarding-house.

On entering the room he found Mr. Spuds nicely tucked up in bed with his nose just appearing in view from among the coverings, and his clothes scattered promiscuously over the articles of furniture, in anything but a dry condition.

"Hello!" ejaculated that individual, "when did you fall heir to that Mackintosh. You're a nice man to call a friend, now ain't you. Gaze on those saturated garments and behold my Sunday suit in ruins - actually spoiled. This application of water will certainly take some of the dirt out of them and the office hands will think I have been at a fire, and purchased a new suit. Gaze around you my friend, and behold the entire personal effects of the immortal Spuds? But say, where did you come across that water proof?"

"Oh! go to sleep; I'll tell you all about it in the morning."

"No you don't Joshua my boy; hanged if I go to sleep, or let you either, until you have made a full confession. Have you been spending your sustenance in riotous living, or rather in Mackintoshes, in this far off country? No it ain't a new one, because I see there are two buttons off, and a rip in the sleeve. Say! did you find it?"

"No! no! I tell you I will set your mind at rest in the morning, I think that ought to satisfy you; but if you must know, I got it from a young lady."

"Eh!"

"I got it from a young lady. You are not turning deaf with all your other infirmities are you?" and Joshua began divesting himself of his clothes, greatly enjoying Spuds' surprise.

"See here, Josh," remarked Spuds, raising himself on one elbow, and gathering towards and around him the greater part of the covering, "you may think these remarks of yours savor of witticism, but you are sadly mistaken my bucolic friend; I fail to see the point of the joke, particularly coming as it does at this late time of night, so come, confess as to your incomings and outgoings, and where you have been keeping yourself until this late hour."

Knowing there was little chance of his getting any sleep that night unless he satisfied his friend's curiosity, he gave him an account of his evening's adventure.

"What are you going to do about it, Josh. You haven't forgotten Kate already, have you?"

"Forgotten Kate! not by any means. I shall certainly let my lady friend know about her at my first opportunity. I shall take the water-proof home on Tuesday night, and if I can get any pleasure out of the visit, I think I shall be perfectly justified in doing so. This is what Kate's good sense would approve of; but now let us go to sleep and try and get some rest, for it must be Sunday morning. I don't think this conversation is particularly appropriate for the Sabbath, Spuds my boy."

Next day they attended church, as they had made a practice of doing since leaving home. After service they took the horse-cars for Charlestown and spent the afternoon in the suburbs, in walking around and getting the fresh air. Joshua had objected to these Sunday afternoon strolls at first, but as Spuds was confined so closely to the office during the week, he saw that his friend required the bright sunshine, at least on that one day of the seven, and that it was more of a rest for him to get out in the air than to remain in their small and poorly ventilated room.

CHAPTER XI.

ATTACHED TO THE *GLOBE*—CALLS ON HIS LADY FRIEND—
ACCIDENT.—AN ADVENTURE AT THE THEATRE.

On Monday morning Joshua reported to the City Editor for instructions, and was sent down to the Police Station in company with another scribe. His companion was detailed to work up the Police news, while Joshua was to skirmish around the blocks in that vicinity, making the Police Station his head-quarters. They found quite a number of reporters on their arrival there, who were exchanging items, joking and playing tricks on each other; for the work of the day had not yet begun. Joshua made it a point to ingratiate himself as much as possible in their good opinion. The companion assigned to him by the City Editor, gave him some points as to places where he would be likely to "catch on" to news, and sent him adrift, while he attended to his own work.

Our hero wandered about the block getting quite a budget of news before one o'clock. At that hour he called at the Station and in company with his friend, returned to the *Globe* office, and handed in his copy. After having lunch in a restaurant near by, with a score or more other reporters, they again sallied out for items for the second edition. Now that our hero had got into the regular groove, he found no difficulty in getting his usual amount of copy without much trouble. Nothing startling occurred during the remainder of the day or on Tuesday.

On Tuesday evening he made as elaborate a toilette as his scanty wardrobe would allow, and at eight o'clock

repaired to Beacon street, to fulfil the engagement made with the young lady the Saturday night previous. He rang the bell and sent in his card to Miss Selwin, and was ushered by a colored waiter, into a small reception room off the side of the hall. In a few moments his lady friend made her appearance and expressed her delight very warmly at his having been so punctual.

"Do you know Mr. Bangs, we are having a few friends in to-night, and I am going to introduce you to some of our young ladies. You must give me your candid opinion of what you think of our people, and whether our Boston ladies will compare with those from your own country."

"But, Miss Selwin, I am not prepared for a party. Why, I have only my travelling suit, and I would not for the world make my appearance in your parlors in this rig. You really must excuse me to-night. Your guests would imagine I was some "tramp abroad," and wonder where I had dropped from."

"I shall accept of no compromise whatever Mr. Bangs, besides this is not a party as you imagine, but merely a few friends who have dropped in to have a couple of hours pleasure. I have told papa that you would be here, and as he has some friends in Canada, somewhere, and has also business dealings with a number of people in that country, he is particularly anxious to see you; so you see I shall not take any answer but one in the affirmative. You will be pleased to escort me into the drawing room now, while I introduce you to mamma, and papa, and some of my particular friends. You must promise me, however, that you will not loose your heart."

"I think you are taking an unfair advantage of me, Miss Selwin; but I see there is no use in opposing you; as for my heart, I am afraid I left that behind me, still. I should have much pleasure in becoming acquainted with your friends, but I really don't feel in trim for that honor this evening."

"No excuses, if you please, Mr. Bangs. Now that you

have relieved your mind I shall expect your ready consent to whatever I may propose.

Joshua saw that his lady friend was determined to have her way in this, and that she would be disappointed if he made any objection; so he offered her his arm and they walked into the drawing-room.

Although it was early in the evening there were already quite a number of people assembled, who were conversing sociably in little groups about the room. Joshua was led to where a group of persons were talking, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Selwin. Miss Selwin introduced him to her father and mother and left him in their company while she went in search of her elder sister.

Our hero found Mr. Selwin a portly old English gentleman with good humor and the signs of good living plainly depicted upon his open countenance. He shook hands heartily with Joshua and expressed the desire that he should make himself at home. After chatting for a few moments, he invited Joshua to visit, with him, the conservatory, and our hero soon discovered that Mr. Selwin's hobby was botany.

The conservatory was something far beyond anything he had ever seen before, and was filled with plants from all countries and climes. While admiring the beautiful display in Mr. Selwin's herbarium our hero found it impossible to be other than interested in the description of the plants and the information imparted to him by that gentleman, as they passed along the avenue resplendent with gorgeously colored flowers, and the air laden with sweet perfumes. This was much more pleasant, too, for him than the drawing-room. He soon perceived that while it was a pleasure for him to listen it seemed also a pleasure for his host to delineate on his pet subject. But Joshua was not allowed to have it entirely as he might wish for they were soon interrupted by Miss Selwin.

"Oh! yes, here you are, I felt pretty sure that papa would inveigle you into this place, and as soon as I

thought you had had sufficient plant life for one night I came to your rescue. I have that sister of mine to introduce to you sir, so I am going to take you out of this."

"But, Miss Selwin, I am enjoying myself very much out here, I can assure you; much more so than I would inside, although everything is beautiful and charming there. And then you see I am deeply interested in the information your father is kindly favoring me with, so, if I am not tiring Mr. Selwin, I should much prefer remaining here for a while longer."

"Oh, yes Maggie. You run away, that's a good girl, and don't bother us," exclaimed Mr. Selwin. "You see Mr. Bangs and I are interested in this plant. I'll take him in by-and-by."

"By and by" yes, that would be sometime to-morrow morning if he would listen to you. No, papa, I invited him around to my party to-night," turning to Joshua "you must know this is my birthday, and I want you to come and dance with me. See," showing him her programme. "I have saved several dances for you."

"I am real sorry Miss Selwin, but I do not dance. It has been a part of my early education which has been sadly neglected. I am afraid you will find me peculiar and very unsociable, but you must always remember that I am only a Canadian, and we Canadians are not expected to know as much as you Americans."

"There now, Maggie, you are boring Mr. Bangs. He does not dance, sensible young man--and it is much more enjoyable for him out here than in your hot rooms."

"I am sorry you do not dance, Mr. Bangs, but I shall not allow papa to monopolize you entirely, and besides there are a number of young ladies to whom I have promised to present you. I will leave you two alone for half an hour longer and then Mr. Bangs is to come inside and I will accept no excuses," and she flitted away like a little fairy.

That evening was a bright spot in Joshua's memory for many long years. At the end of the half hour Miss Selwin

promptly made her appearance, and he was led inside and introduced to a number of ladies.

He had the pleasure of escorting Miss Maggie down to supper, and Mr. Selwin who appeared to have taken a great interest in him, would have our hero seated alongside him at the table. In a very short time the bashful feeling wore off and he was able to enter into the pleasures of the occasion.

After supper Mrs. Selwin took him in hand and showed him the portraits of the family; needle work done by her daughters; and ended it all up by giving him an account of her difficulties in getting servants she could depend upon. He was not long in discovering her hobby. It is a matter of fact that everyone has some particular pet subject upon which they are at home, and more particularly interested. Mrs. Selwin was one of those persons who are always in difficulty about the servants, and changing them continually, never finding any to come up to her ideal. Joshua sympathised, suggested and listened and became a favorite with Mrs. S. for that reason.

At about three o'clock the gathering separated, and after paying his adieus to his fair hostess and her father and mother, Joshua returned to the boarding house, highly delighted with his first glimpse of Boston society. He had received a hearty invitation from Mr. Selwin to make them a second call, and he would then have an opportunity of seeing more fully the beauty of the herbarium without being disturbed. Miss Maggie had also been pressing in her invitation for him to repeat his visit; so altogether he felt well pleased at his good fortune in becoming acquainted with the Selwins. The next day, as Joshua was out on his rounds he was given the much desired opportunity of distinguishing himself, and of being able to get an "exclusive" on an important piece of news, for his own paper.

He was passing the Railway depot, when he heard a person remark to another that there had been a bad accident out on the road, and that they were just about

dispatching a relief train to give all the assistance possible to the sufferers. Our hero hurried into the station just in time to see the train begin to move. He ran across the track and catching the guard on the last car, swung himself on the platform just as the train increased its speed.

The conductor who was on the platform of the foremost car, came rushing through, and grasping Joshua roughly by the arm ordered him off, but how he expected him to comply with this demand when the train was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour was a question. Our hero quietly informed him that he had not the slightest idea of making any such hazardous leap, nor did he propose getting off that train until they arrived at their destination; and then he produced his *Globe* badge which mollified the conductor a little. He hummed and hawed, and chewed around for a while, but eventually concluded that Joshua was there to stay.

The train was made up of only two cars, and the engine and tender. Joshua went through them and made a note of the various preparations being made to give relief to those injured.

The accident had happened some thirty miles out of town, and had resulted from a broken rail. The train had run off the track and piled up two passenger coaches on the engine and tender. A large number were injured and five persons killed as near as he could make out. His unceremonious method of getting on board had not ingratiated him very highly in the opinion of the conductor, so he was not able to get much information from him; but one of the surgeons volunteered the facts as far as he knew.

The train arrived at the scene of the accident in less than an hour, and Joshua lost no time in getting the full particulars, and also as complete a list as possible of the injured and killed. No other reporter had come out with them and it was his desire to get the first extended account into his own paper. They

were some miles from a railway station and it was not likely that any correspondent would get the particulars in time for the first edition.

In about twenty minutes he had gathered all the points he required, and any further delay in returning to the city was a waste of time. About three miles across the country was another line of railway, and not far up the line was a station. He felt sure could he get there he would find no difficulty in catching a train so as to be in town in time. The relief train in which he had come out would not return for an hour or more and it was his object to be in before that time.

Making inquiries of some farmers who were giving their assistance in clearing the track and looking after the injured, he learned the direction and started on a run. He arrived at the station out of breath, but was rewarded by catching a down train a few moments after his arrival. Before boarding the train he wired to the *Globe* to hold a column of space open so he had the particulars of a railway accident.

On the way in he carefully revised his notes, and rewrote them in an extended manner. On the arrival of the train at the city station, he rushed out and hailing a cab was driven at a gallop to the *Globe* office, where all was excitement. The news had been received at the office that an accident had occurred out on the line, but the management of the road were not too anxious that the press should be accommodated with the full particulars as to the extent of the loss of life, and would not supply an extra train as the newspaper reporters desired. They had expected to go to press with only what they could catch from flying rumors, which are never to be depended upon in the case of a railway accident, when Joshua's telegram was received.

The copy was immediately handed to the printers, and in just eight minutes from the time Joshua arrived at the door of the *Globe* office, the paper containing a full report of the accident was selling on the street.

The extra train despatched, twenty minutes after his arrival, to assist in clearing away the debris, and having on board several directors of the road and a number of reporters, had also copies of the paper with all the particulars, and the names of those injured.

This lucky hit on the part of our hero, brought him prominently before the managers of the *Globe*, and the Chief Editor saw that Joshua was one who could be trusted with important matters, and from that forth he was given special work.

He had made a friend in the City Editor who had assisted him to the position on the *Globe*. That gentleman gave him a great many hints and suggestions which were an inestimable assistance to him in his work. It was largely through his instrumentality that he was given the position of Theatrical critic for a while, the gentleman whose duty it was to attend to this line, having been called from the city by sickness in his family.

It was while doing this work that he had quite a little adventure, in fact his first appearance on the Boston stage.

From the nature of his occupation as theatrical reporter he soon became exceedingly well acquainted with the different managers of companies playing in the city, and instead of taking a seat in front of the curtain as had been his former ambition, he now had the *entree* behind the scenes; and soon became quite well acquainted with many of the leading actors and actresses.

The night referred to was particularly disagreeable. It had been raining hard all day and Joshua had prepared himself expressly for the weather. He had on a pair of high boots, with his pants rolled up and tucked in the tops of them; an old slouch hat on his head; and an extensive water-proof dangling nearly to his heels. The company was playing in the Boston Theatre at the time, and the play was one representing Eastern life. The ladies in the cast were very airily attired to represent

fairies. Joshua had become well acquainted with the star, and would often chat with her before it was her call. On this occasion they were among the draw scenes chatting away, when suddenly the scenes in front of them separated, leaving Joshua and his fair companion standing before a cultured Boston audience—a not very large audience, however, owing to the disagreeable weather outside. Joshua was leaning tranquilly against a Persian marble vase—hand painted on a pine board—looking more like a Texan cow boy than any Eastern character. For a moment he thought of making off at the wing in great haste, but surmising that it had been done as a joke on him and the young lady, he quickly made up his mind to carry it out as a joke on the perpetrators. Politely doffing his hat he dropped on one knee to his fair companion and extended the dilapidated tile as though supplicating alms. The young lady appeared to drop something into the extended hat and saved him haughtily from her presence, while he retired making a most profound and elaborate bow. The audience had not had time to take in the situation, and those who had seen the play before were doubtful as to whether it was something specially added, or a mistake made by the actors. The remainder of the play was continued as though this had not taken place. It is hardly necessary to say that this character did not appear again during the performance. Joshua always suspected that it was a “put up job” but was never able to verify his convictions.

In many of his excursions to the various places of amusement, he was accompanied by his friend Spuds, who went along as he remarked merely to keep Joshua out of mischief and to have a restraining influence over him.

Spuds and the land-lady's daughter Eliza, were progressing remarkably well with their little love affair. That young gentleman had ingratiated himself into the good opinion of the matron of the house by only asking for pie once at the table, and always praising her cooking, but

as Spuds and Eliza used to retire periodically to the pantry each evening, after the good lady had retired, it is just probably that he did not deserve half the credit he got, at least so far as the pie was concerned. Joshua was occasionally invited to take part in these midnight marauding excursions, and our hero's intellectual nature was not of such a high cast, that he could not appreciate a good bite to eat, or allow it to interfere with his three hearty meals daily.

Now Eliza was inclined, like many others of her sex, to be exceedingly jealous minded, and strongly objected to Mr. Spuds going off to places of amusement without her company; and in all probability Spuds reaped a rich harvest in the way of pantry delicacies by remaining at home.

CHAPTER XII.

ANOTHER POET. — AN ADVERTISING DODGE — VISIT FROM
A COUNTRY EDITOR. — A VACATION.

In a few months our hero was given a desk in his friend, the city editor's department and acted as assistant to that gentleman. This placed upon him much more responsibility, and although he did not have the out-door exercise he had enjoyed previously, he was greatly pleased with the change, and found it more congenial to his taste.

He now had the arranging and supervision of copy, and the attending on visitors with long winded correspondence, and such like.

The first day after taking possession of his desk, and while the city editor was out he had a visitor. He was revising some Associated Press dispatches when a wild-eyed, long-haired and seedily dressed specimen of the *genus homo* cautiously opened the door and glanced in. Seeing the occupant to be of such a youthful and apparently innocent character, he cautiously pushed the door open and glided in softly closing it after him. In the same cautious and impressive manner as had marked his first appearance, he slid over to Joshua's desk, and with a gesture as though for secrecy in a low whisper asked:

"Young man have you a soul for poetry?" and as he did so, drew from a large satchel he carried in his hand, a roll of about two hundred pages of manuscript poetry, and laid it mysteriously on the desk before Joshua.

Our hero lifted up one of his number fourteen feet and placing it on the desk in close proximity to the roll of copy said:

"I don't know, you had better examine it yourself; if it is not a sole for poetry. I think it might work in well on poets."

"Ah!" grasping his grip sack closely in his arms and glancing up to the ceiling, "I see there is no opening here for rising genius. You have no mind above the sordid lucre of the world."

"You are entirely mistaken my dear sir as regards the opening. The architect in planning the building wisely provided for just such an emergency. There it is," pointing to the door, "you will find an appendage on the outside designated by prose writers as a knob. You are expected to close the aperture after you—turn the knob to the left—you will thus save the expense of a coroner's inquest."

"Am I to understand by this, that you will not insert these few verses?"

"Oh! no sir, not by any means, I can't imagine whence you conceived that idea. We shall be pleased sir to insert them; in fact if it will give you any pleasure you

may insert them yourself, just underneath the table. Ah! yes, — the waste basket. We keep one on purpose for poetry. It is manufactured a little more fancy than the common one for long-winded correspondence. You see it has nice colored splints around the top and nice large handles to lift it by. I am sorry, though, that you did not write this on cleaner paper, as clean writing paper brings a cent more a pound;" carefully balancing the bundle of manuscript in his hand as though judging of its weight; "Yes! there must be nearly three pounds in that. You see that would be a clear gain of three cents for us. By the way, can you tell me why the tendency of the average poet is to wear his hair long, dress in seedy clothes, with the perfume of poor whiskey pervading the air in his immediate vicinity, and having the general appearance of a much-abused tramp? I have been trying to figure this out for some time past. Won't you enlighten my ignorance?"

"A man with such a small soul as yours, can not be expected to understand or appreciate the glories of the etherial!"

"Humph! I always thought my sole was large enough for any ordinary man. Why, let me tell you a little reminiscence about that sole, or rather boot. I went down town the other day to buy me a pair of boots. Now in the town in which I first made my *debut* upon this mundane sphere, I had a shoe-maker who took the contract to supply me with understanding (s') and—

"About two cow-hides to each foot I should say," remarked the poet, gazing at Joshua's feet.

"Correct! correct, perfectly correct! at least that is what he averaged it at although I felt positive that he sometimes worked a pair of baby shoes out of he corner of one of the hides, but I never thought it worth while to kick on that; however, as I was saying, he took the contract and so I never had much difficulty about the fit of that part of my wearing apparel.

Poor man he has failed since that. Well it became necessary for me the other day to replenish my wardrobe in that respect so I took a turn around the city in search of a pair of boots that would fit somewhat easily. I went into several establishments but they didn't have anything near the size. At last I struck a large wholesale firm and explained my predicament. The proprietor set one of the clerks to work and we tried on about all the boots in the place. As a last effort the clerk opened up a packing case that had just come in, and we sorted and tried them all on until we came to the bottom, the clerk drew out the last pair and handing them to me, observed to the proprietor who was walking around solicitous as to the reputation of the establishment, "there that's the last pair, if they don't fit you'll have to try on the case." It may be a satisfaction for you to know that that last pair fitted, although they were a little tight at first; and still sir, you will say that I have a small sole."

"Ah! this is but jesting. You have no soul for the infinite. You grasp shadows. You have a small, puny brain. Ah!"

"I have, eh! well, if I have a small brain I think I have proved to your satisfaction that I have a well developed understanding. I think by the way, that you had better propel yourself out of these premises pretty lively as this thing is becoming slightly monotonous."

"One moment sir, before I depart. Let me read. Let me inspire your soul with a quickening fire!"

"It's all inspired now, and you'll be fired out in about five minutes by the clock. I'll just give you five minutes to do your quickening and at the end of that time you will think a cyclone struck this building."

"Five minutes, ah! it is an eternity - it is a life-time."

"You'll find yourself in eternity, if you ain't out by that time. But go on, fill in the agony while you have the time."

He with the long and tangled lock, and wierd air, unrolled the manuscript and tragically read:

BACK TO THEF.

Back to thee; I do flee,
With my poor heart!
Speed I on, to thy throne
We shall ne'er part.

"Hold, on, hold on. If you wrote that for this special occasion you will find that this is no place to lay up for repairs. We haven't got any dry-dock here."

"See here" suddenly observed the poet, glaring down at Joshua, "if you'd keep that mouth of yours closed for about five minutes, there might be a grain or a chance for something to remain in your head. Now you listen while I read the rest of this or I'll walk all over you."

"Hello! hello! Why, I'm blessed if there isn't something of a man about you after all. Why, it's a genuine surprise. Shake hands. Dear me, appearances are deceptive sometimes. Now you go on with that poetry, and after that exhibition of spirit on your part I may be able to listen to it with some resignation."

The poet continued:

I have faults that I thought
Darling were faults of thine.
I do find I was blind,
And those faults are all false
And were mine.

"Glad to notice you are like the rest of us, not infallible. I say! I suppose that fault of yours was an inclination to get on a bender occasionally."

"Silence sir! Listen to this heart-rending appeal:—

Bright as the beacon star
Shines o'er the sea,
Does my heart from afar
Beam forth to thee.
Am I then doomed to be
Always alone?
Oh, call me back again
To thy dear home."

"I see, you are looking for a chance to block it in on the family again; but do you suppose if she saw that in print

that it would have the desired effect? The fact is, my dear sir, if you would brace up, and allow your energies to develop in the way of buck-sawing wood now, you would find the world would appreciate your talents better, and give you a much more respectable outfit. Now I would suggest as a step in the right direction, that you have those flowing locks of yours sheared off to the customary length, and also get a shave. I have an idea, somehow, and I am inclined to believe it is becoming more prevalent every day with those minds which are controlling modern thought, that the man with an extensive crop of hair has, as a general thing, a limited amount of brains beneath it, be he poet, preacher or sinner. It is now nearly lunch time, and you will have to perambulate. I shall not charge you anything for all the good advice I have given you this afternoon, or for the time lost. If you feel inclined to leave your poetry I will insert an ad. something to this effect in our next issue:

FOR SALE!—A large lot of verses on love, and spring, as good as new grass to feed goats on."

The poet, however, concluded not to have the advertisement run in just then, and walked off with his grip sack in one hand and his manuscript under his arm.

While seated in the office one afternoon after the first edition was out, a little wiry individual with a soft felt hat and a cotton family umbrella of a rusty shade of brown, came swooping into the office.

"Well!" said our hero, "what is troubling you this week?"

"Do you exchange with the *Enterprise* of Randolph?"

"Randolph—Randolph—let's see! where the dickens is that anyway? Up in Canada, somewhere, ain't it?"

"No, young man, it is in Dodge County, Wisconsin, I came from there and I should like to see what has been going on in my absence."

"If it is a weekly, I am afraid we do not exchange with it. However, you can go in and see the horse

editor—second door to the right—he is pretty well up on our country exchanges and I think he comes from Wisconsin somewhere.”

“All right, I will call on him in a moment. Let’s see! this is the City Editor’s room isn’t it?”

“Yes! here is where that personage generally holds out, when he isn’t dodging book agents”

“I thought I saw that name on the door as I came up. I have here an item of news that will be of considerable interest to your readers. You can run it in in your second edition,” and the visitor drew out from a much worn pocket book a soiled piece of paper and handed it to our hero. It contained the following:—

We had a sociable call this afternoon from Mr. Ebenezer Shortgrass, the renowned inventor of the inflexible hen-roost. He has secured a patent on his very useful article and is now introducing it throughout the country and is making with marked success on every side.

The price is dirt cheap at one dollar and fifty cents, and can be had by addressing 1473 Ludwell Street. Orders delivered to all parts of the City or State on receipt of the above amount.

“I think you have made a slight mistake, sir; the Counting Rooms are down stairs. We do not receive advertisements in this department.”

“Eh! That is no advertisement. Purely a matter of news that will make your paper sell. Why, I’ll buy three or four copies myself.”

“I’m sorry for your sake that the management can’t see it in the same light as you do; but I am afraid you will have to pay the usual 10 cents per line for that. Better go down and negotiate with the Business Manager.”

“And you don’t mean to say you refuse to publish the item unless it is paid for? Why I brought it here as a special favor, that you might get it in ahead of the *Herald*.”

“Can’t help it; better run over to the *Herald* with it now; plenty of time to get it in the second or third edition. Ain’t got any time to argue the question with you now,” and he bounced the man out, although he seemed very loath to leave.

His next experience was with a somewhat different kind of person.

A narrow-chested, wheezy-voiced consumptive-looking individual with a small cane and a lot of newspapers sticking out of his pockets, came racing in one morning, raising such a wind as to blow a number of sheets of copy off Joshua's desk on the floor.

"Just so! just so," remarked he with the wheezy voice, "I had ten minutes to spare and I thought I could not employ them more profitably than by dropping in to see your office. Ah! fine office you have here. The *Globe* is one of my best exchanges; I have always considered it the best paper published in Boston. It is always a welcome visitor to my poster-papered retreat. By the way—" and he sat down at the City Editor's desk, and scratched off a few lines, "by the way, you might run that in when you get a chance, will you?" The item read:

Mr. Judah Briggs, of the *Messenger* of Indiana, dropped in to see us to-day. He has been visiting Boston in the interests of his paper, and will return home on Monday. Mr. Briggs is looking remarkably well, and it is evident the Boston air agrees with him.

Joshua took the proffered copy, and depositing it in a drawer alongside of him, remarked:

"See here, are you the editor from down in Indiana who wrote, 'Our wood is about out, but thank heaven, next year will be a campaign year?'"

"No sir, no. I did not write it, but I could have written it with every degree of satisfaction, and I don't believe they could prove bribery and corruption with it, either. Speaking about articles, I wrote one the other day on 'Something must be done to reduce the taxes on the poor man,' and the next week I received a communication reading 'That's it, old fellow, keep up the fight for three-cent beers. It's these temperance people who are ruining the country,'—but bless me, the ten minutes are up. Glad I called in to see you. Don't forget that personal. If you ever get down in our direction be sure and drop in

to the *Messenger* Office, and we will have much pleasure in reciprocating. So long!" and he was gone.

"See here Spuds," observed Joshua, one day, "I think it is time you were making a change from that *World* office. I heard the manager of our Press room say a foreman of one of the departments would be leaving in a few days. Suppose I look into that job for you and see if it is not better than the one you have now?"

"I wish you would, Josh. It may be a little easier work than at the *World*. I am not afraid of work by any means, but I am not particularly anxious to be cut off in the flour of my youth by too much of it, just in this beautiful summer weather too. Do you know, Josh, Eliza threatens to make me carry a cord-wood edging along with me, when I go out into the suburbs for fear I will drop through some of the cracks in the sidewalk. Now this may seem a subject for levity on your part, but it is a little too thin so far as I am concerned.

"Well Spuds if it is getting as bad as that we shall have to make a strenuous effort in your behalf—I will speak to the Manager to-morrow and probably we can make the necessary change next week."

The next day Joshua interviewed the Manager of the Press room and found that in a few days one of the foremen intended leaving and that if Spuds could fill the place he could have it.

The salary was much better and the work very much easier. So Spuds did not hesitate about making the change.

Joshua had been around several times to visit the Selwins during the summer, and had always been a welcome visitor at the house. Mr. Selwin would drive his carriage around to the *Globe* office quite often to give our hero an airing, and, with Miss Maggie, they would take long drives out in the Highlands, and over to Charlestown. Mr. Selwin appeared to have taken a

great notion to Joshua, and seemed desirous of giving him all the pleasure in his power.

Life in Boston became much more enjoyable from attentions like these, and from friendships he had formed in the office, than Joshua had even anticipated.

He received letters regularly from home, and from Miss Kate, who kept him pretty well posted as to how things were going on in his native place. His mother had been quite well in his absence; but he knew she must be very lonely, and felt anxious to induce her to come on, if possible. He felt very much as though he should like to make a flying visit to the little Canadian town, were it only for a day or so, that he might see his mother and Kate.

He broached the subject to his friend, the City Editor, who promised to do all he could to assist him. The Chief was interviewed and the coveted leave of absence granted for a week.

He had been on the *Globe* staff about three years and had well earned the holiday. Without difficulty he secured railway passes to Caneville and with a light heart and a well filled pocket book, he started for home, one Monday morning in midsummer.

He had written to his mother that he expected to be home on Tuesday, and he knew she would inform Kate of the fact. He felt pretty certain that that young lady would not be long in taking an opportunity of seeing him in person, for he had made up his mind not to call at Mr. Jones, unless that gentleman invited him to do so.

The short trip up the river from Caneville, and the familiar objects along the shore, were all of special interest from their associations with the past.

One of the first he met on his arrival was his old antagonist, Small Pica, of the *Herald*. That young gentleman had still the marks of his profession conspicuously displayed on several parts of his clothing, so our hero knew he was still at the printing trade.

Joshua's trip out into the world had changed him so much that Small Pica did not recognize him at first. Our hero hailed him as he was going up the wharf and inquired as to how they were all getting along at the *Herald*.

"My gracious, Josh Bangs as I live. Where did you rain down from? Why you are 'tuckered out' in great style. Dropped into a fortune, eh? or have you been adopted by a rich and eccentric old gentleman?"

"Oh no! neither of them; I have got a position in Boston on the *Globe*, and have been there nearly all the time that I have been away.

"W-h-e-w, you don't tell me. On the *Boston Globe*, eh. Gracious that must be a first rate job. But why did you come back to this pokey old hole? Didn't get the grand bounce, did you?"

"Oh no! I am going back on Friday. I just came on for a few holidays, and had hard time enough to get off at that. Well, how is everything up at the *Herald*?"

"Humph! all right I guess, but I am not on the *Herald* now. We have dissolved partnership. I had a row with them, and have been working for old Jones this last year or more."

"Is that so. Why, how do you and Muffins get along together? I thought you and he could never pull in the same harness?"

"Well, you see it was a case of necessity, as one might remark. I wanted a job and Muffins wanted a hand, so we undertook to bury all old animosities for the mutual good. The fact is Muffins ain't such a bad old fellow, and we all get along quite harmoniously. Muffins is getting on in years now, and his eyes are not so bright as they used to be, so we gay and festive youths have to humor him a little. You know he is susceptible to flattery and taffy, and when he gets on a high horse we ease him down tenderly and he comes out all right. I suppose you will drop in and see us?"

"I may if I get a chance, but how is Mr. Jones making out?"

"Oh! every now and then he takes a crink in his back or a twist in his leg, and gets laid up at home for a week or so, making things very unpleasant for us at the office, but we have always managed so far, to get the paper out somehow. I guess he is getting awfully behind-hand in collecting the subscriptions. I heard him say to Muffins the other day, that he wished to goodness you had not gone away, so that he could get some of those old bills hunted up. You must come in and see us. I know all hands will be glad to have a talk with you. You must not hold any animosity with me Josh, on account of old scrapes! P'on my word I am just as glad to see you as though I never had stole your clothes or given you a pounding."

"That's all right, Small Pica, that is all right; there is no hard feeling between us with reference to the past I am assured, or at least as far as I am concerned, but as regards that pounding now; I have a faint suspicion that you came out of that 'pounding' second best. That is if my memory serves me right."

"Well Josh. we won't argue the point, I am not one who delights in harrowing up the feelings, particularly on the occasion of our re-union—so to speak. Suppose we call the whole thing a 'passover,' and take a new deal."

They separated here, Joshua hurrying away to where his mother resided, and Small Pica going into the *Era* office. His mother had let the cottage, and had been boarding for some time, so that it was not the old home after all that he was returning to.

"The 'probable son's' return was a great day of rejoicing in the house of Bangs, and the usual supply of delicacies were brought on in lavish abundance. Kate dropped around for a few moments in the evening, and Mrs. Bangs wisely retired while the young people were talking over what had taken place during their long separation.

On Thursday morning Joshua concluded to take a run in to see Mr. Muffins and the hands in the *Era* office.

He remembered that this was the day on which the paper was issued and as it had generally been prepared the night before, he felt pretty sure Mr. Jones would not be around the office.

The sign was over the door on the same old building in which he had had so many youthful adventures, and as he climbed up the well worn stairs, he was reminded by the frescoing on the walls of the time when he had made his first artistic effort with a paste-brush. The monument of his genius had stood the ravages of time, and the bold figure of a man with a long pipe in his mouth, and an extensive amount of coat and cane—a combination of paste and printing-ink—stared down on him from over the office door.

He did not stop to knock but walked in without ceremony, and he was not quite prepared for the scene which presented itself. Things appeared to be a little mixed inside. Mr. Jones was there, but his condition and appearance would not lead one to imagine that it was the same Mr. Jones of old.

The whole trouble had been caused by the press. When they had put the forms to press that morning, something about it had got out of order, and they could not get an impression. Mr. Jones had been hurriedly sent for, and word had been sent over to a machine shop for a man to come and examine into the trouble, but they were so busy at the shop that they could not spare a man, just at the time, to look after it.

Every effort had been made by Mr. Jones and Muffins to get the press to work, but without success. Mr. Jones had taken off his coat and hat, and had rolled up his sleeves and gone to work in earnest. When Joshua came in he had crawled under the iron frame work and was lying on his back, clawing at part of the machinery, with his legs just visible. The hands had taken the forms off the power press and transferred them to the hand-press, and Muffins and Small Pica were perspiring at

a great rate while tugging the papers off on that instrument of torture.

On seeing Joshua, Mr. Muffins drew the back of his hand across his forehead to remove some of the surplus perspiration, leaving a track of lubricating oil and printing ink, which did not add materially to his beauty; he then advanced and shook hands cordially with him.

"Real glad to see you, Joshua, although you came in at a most inopportune time, so far as we are concerned. The old press has gone back on us, and we can't get it to work all we can do. We have been trying these last two hours and it does not work as well as when we began. I was very glad to hear that you had been doing so well in Boston. You will excuse me going to work again, but these papers have got to be run off somehow, you know. I suppose this is not much like what you have been used to lately?"

"Well, no, not exactly, but then these things occur sometimes and we can't always help them. I am glad to see you looking so well Mr. Muffins. You are looking remarkably well, in fact younger I think than when I left town."

"Do you think so?" observed Mr. Muffins, drawing himself up and smiling as sweetly as a lady under a \$20 spring bonnet.

"Why of course I do, I couldn't help but notice it the first thing, but is there not some way I can help you out of this difficulty to-day? I am at your service."

Just then Mr. Jones emerged from beneath the power-press and came forward. Joshua was not exactly certain of the reception he was going to receive from that gentleman, but time, they say, heals all wounds; and Mr. Jones did not appear to remember anything of the past but gave him a hearty shake of the hand, giving him also the benefit of considerable oil which he had got on his hands in his frantic efforts among the machinery.

"Glad to see you Joshua; glad to hear you have been

prospering so well. Heard you were in town and thought you would not slight us by not giving us a call. You find us in a bad predicament to-day. Everything seems to be going wrong with us lately. On the *Globe* I believe?"

"Yes, I am attached to the *Globe* and have a very good situation, but I was just remarking to Mr. Muffins that if there was anything I could do to help you out, I should be pleased to do it. Suppose I investigate that old press. I remember when I thought I knew something about it; that was when I had to clean it up, and feed the papers.

"No, that would be an imposition, you would get yourself all over oil," replied Mr. Jones. "We can't have our visitors treated in that manner. Come into the office and have a smoke. Learned to smoke yet?"

"No, not yet sir; but never mind the oil, I can put on that linen duster of Small Pica's, and I guess I can keep from getting oil on my clothes. You go into the office and scrape off some of that oil, and Mr. Muffins and I will get these papers off all right."

"Well Joshua, if you can do anything I wish you would try. You probably know more about the press than any one of us. I am willing to acknowledge that I know very little and that I am not particularly anxious to learn, at my time of life. If you will excuse me, I will clean up a little and look more presentable."

"Certainly, sir," and Joshua drew off his coat, and pulled on the linen duster.

"Now, Mr. Muffins, you must consider me as one of the staff for a little while, and not as a visitor."

With the assistance of Small Pica, who handed over the ink roller to the devil to roll off for Mr. Muffins, who continued still toiling away at the papers on the hand press, he began examining the old press. After carefully running it backwards and forwards several times and looking into it closely, he saw where a cog had got out of place, and after a little trouble he got it back to position again. It

was now ready for the forms, and they were very quickly transferred from the hand-press to it. Ten minutes after leaving the room, when he again made his appearance at the door, Mr. Jones found the papers being run off as usual and Joshua removing the oil from his hands at the wash-stand—that memorable wash-stand of old, more dilapidated, if anything, than ever—and pleasantly conversing with Mr. Muffins.

A gentleman called in to see Mr. Jones at that moment, and our hero continued his conversation with the foreman.

"Well, Joshua," observed that gentleman, "so you like working on a Boston daily."

"Oh, yes, I like it very well. Sometimes the work is pretty hard, but one gets used, they say, to anything but hanging, and I suppose they would get used to that if they were not dead."

"That's so, that is so; but what is your idea about those Boston papers? Is there any money in them?"

"I should suppose there would be, although I do not have anything to do with the business department, and all I know is from remarks I hear occasionally."

"From what you have seen, Joshua, which is the best paying part of a city daily—the sales or the advertising?"

"About the best way to answer that, Mr. Muffins, would be to repeat a conversation which took place lately in the *Globe* office. A number of the staff were in the Chief's room, and I happened to drop in to see the city editor about something. A boy had brought the papers up from the press room from the first edition, and each one was looking over his particular column to see if there had been any mistakes."

'Well,' said the Chief, 'this is a good paper to-day. Now that leader is the best political article I have written for a long while. I was just in the humor for writing. You mark my words it will have an effect on the—'

'It is a good paper—very good indeed,' interrupted our funny man, as he glanced down his column, and twitched

a cigar out of his vest pocket, 'I haven't got very much in, but it is all sharp and pointed, and it will be clipped by—'

'I am sorry they cut out so much of our local matter,' observed the City Editor 'but after all we have given them a good newsy sheet, and that is what takes with the public. We have an exclusive thing on that railway accident, and that elopement—'

'Well, gentlemen,' said the Business Manager, his face beaming over the top of the paper he had been glancing at; 'well, gentlemen, it is a beautiful paper to-day. Very little in it but advertisements, but there is where the money is.' So you see, Mr. Muffins, that the Business Manager's idea of a good paper was in the amount of advertising matter; although I believe the sales amount to quite an item in the course of a year on our dailies."

Joshua conversed for some little time with Mr. Muffins, and then, as the editor was still engaged with his visitor, slipped quietly out.

The next morning he took the boat for Caneville, and from thence the cars to Boston, arriving in that city on Saturday evening. He did not see Mr. Jones again during his stay, although he understood from Small Pica, who had come down to the wharf to see him off in the morning, that that gentleman had expressed a desire to see him, and regretted that he had not come in again that afternoon.

He was met at the depot in Boston by Spuds, who had been expecting him on that train, and who was anxious to hear from home, and to get all the news. Spuds would have liked to have accompanied Joshua on his trip, but everything was rushing so at the office that it was impossible for him to get the necessary leave of absence.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CONVERSATION AT MR. JONES'. — CORRESPONDENCE. —
WOMAN'S RIGHTS AGAIN. — MARRIAGES. — CONCLUSION.

"Didn't I hear you coming in late last night, Kate," remarked Mr. Jones at the breakfast table on the Friday morning on which our hero left Swamptown after his flying visit.

"I was out a little while last evening, sir."

"It appears to me that it must have been after eleven o'clock when I heard the noise down stairs. Were you out as late as that?"

"It may have been. I did not notice the time as I came in."

"Humph! where under the sun were you until that late hour of the night. That is a pretty time to be out on the streets. If my memory serves me right, you have been out several times of late, too, until that unseemly hour. I can't have this thing going on any longer. You will have to stop it immediately."

"I was down to Mrs Bangs' spending the evening, if you are so particularly anxious to know where I was keeping myself."

"Eh?"

"As Joshua has been debarred from coming here to see me, why I had no other alternative than to go and see him; and as he was going away this morning, I may possibly have remained longer last night than usual."

"Indeed! indeed! 'no other alternative,' eh. Something more going on that 'old Jones' didn't know anything about. Now that we are beginning to understand each

other and are having a little confidential conversation, it might not be out of order for me to ask a few more questions. Pray how long have you been on such intimate terms with Mrs. Bangs?"

"Something over three years I believe," replied Kate, complacently balancing her fork on one of her plump and well shaped fingers. "There has never been any effort to have any secrecy about. I know of, father; I consider her a very estimable lady, and I enjoy, exceedingly, my visits to her boarding house, besides she is quite lonely now and I think she enjoys having some one drop in and see her."

"You do, eh! Oh yes I suppose so," remarked Mr. Jones, quietly sipping his coffee. "I imagine you hold a session of what might be called a Mutual Admiration Association. You each talk about your trials and tribulations and vary the programme by occasional eulogies on our friend Joshua. It must be very interesting—to both."

"It certainly is. I thoroughly enjoy it," arching her pretty eyebrows, and continuing her breakfast with an apparent relish.

"But do you think you are loving wisely in this case, my dear?"

"Well, sir, there is no doubt it is better to love wisely, but you know this is a question on which we have always differed; however I believe that it is better even to love foolishly than never to love at all."

"Your love don't interfere with your appetite any, that's certain."

"Oh, no, I don't allow little things like that to bother me when it comes to a matter of eating. My love affairs have never interfered with my digestive organs yet, my dear father."

"No I see not. Well, about these visits, I suppose after you talk for three or four hours on the subject of Joshua's perfections you change the conversation to raking 'old Jones' over the coals for the way he has acted. I

have no doubt my ears would have tingled had I heard some of the complimentary expressions passed on me."

"I don't remember ever hearing your name come up in the conversation, at least not often. Mrs. Bangs always speaks of you with esteem and gratitude for your kindness to Joshua while in the office."

"And a pretty way he served me after all I had done for him; going off and leaving me just when I wanted him most. However, that is only a sample of the thanks one receives in this world for doing a person a kindness."

"You seem to forget, father, that you told him to leave the house that night and never to come into it again."

"Oh, well! the house was not the office, and he might have known that I was in a passion at the time I spoke that way. He knew well enough that it would not have made any difference in our business relations."

"I don't see it in that way. He left the town because you would not countenance his attention on me; and he naturally did not think it would be very agreeable for any of us so long as you continued of the same mind. He has succeeded well by going away, in fact a great deal better than he ever could here, and I don't blame him for going in the least."

"Humph! so I am to understand from these remarks that you have not changed your opinion since he went away, am I?"

"Most certainly I have not, I don't think I have had any reason to do so."

"Yes! and I am also to understand that you have been corresponding with him since he left, eh?"

"I am not at liberty to control your thoughts, sir. You will have to allow your imagination full scope on that question, I am not going to enlighten you."

"And so Ebenezer Jones has been fooled again, eh?"

"Ah no, I could have told you all this long ago, if you had taken the trouble to ask. I don't think now, father, that you can accuse me of having tried to keep my attach-

ment for Joshua a secret. If you will remember I told you about it when he went away."

"A nice thing to have my daughter running after a pauper like this. I should think you would have more respect for me—for your family. I suppose the next thing you will be running away and getting married?"

"Now, papa, I don't think you have any right to say these hard things of Joshua and his mother. You know you are only talking that way to bear yourself talk. Joshua is earning an honest living and laying up money, and they are all very comfortably provided for. As for my running away I have not the slightest idea of doing it, because I have the idea, father mine, that when he is ready and I am ready, that Mr. Ebenezer Jones will be ready. Now there's a good papa, go down to the office and try and keep cool, as it is going to be a warm day, and it won't pay you to heat yourself up so early in the morning."

"Well, I guess it is time I was going down to the office. Have you been behind the scenes all this time, mother, as to how things were going on?" turning to his wife.

"I was not made a special confidante about Kate's love affairs," replied Mrs. Jones, who had discreetly kept aloof from the conversation, "but I knew Kate was visiting Mrs. Bangs, and I did not think there was anything wrong in it. I am sure she is a good, religious woman, and there are many places Kate could go that would be much worse for her than there."

"Yes; I see you women are lea-ued together on this thing. I am not prepared to say just at present what I shall do," and finishing his coffee, Mr. Jones arose from the table and shortly left the house for the office.

Joshua had been back to the office about a week and was beginning to get settled down to actual work again. There is no doubt that the first few days after a vacation are not productive of as much work as when the individual has his thoughts and mind fully centred on his

occupation. Joshua found it so in his case. He had been tied down so closely to office work for the past three years that the short vacation had created a feeling of unrest.

He was surprised to receive in his mail, one day, a letter from Mr. Jones. That gentleman appeared to be in an awful stew with the office affairs. The following is a copy of the letter, and Joshua's surprise on receipt of it can be imagined.

SWAMPTOWN, AUG. 5, 18—.

FRIEND JOSHUA,

I regretted exceedingly not having had the pleasure of a talk with you when you were here last week. I must acknowledge that things are not going on just as smoothly in the office as they were when you and your friend Spuds Sheldon were here. Mr. Muffins is thinking of going into some other business, and I have often great difficulty in getting the local work done to suit me, having often to do it myself. Don't you suppose we might be able to make some arrangement by which you could come in and take a part interest in the business. You know enough about it to determine in your own mind whether it would pay you to do this, and besides you would be to a certain extent independent, and your own master; that is if there is any such thing as independence in this world. I think it would be a good opening for you. You might think it over and drop me a line at your earliest convenience.

Respectfully yours,

EBENEZER JONES.

P. S. If you could induce your friend Mr. Sheldon to come on with you and take charge of the mechanical management of the paper, I have no doubt he would be a great acquisition and assistance. E. J.

After consulting with Spuds and taking a few days for consideration our hero returned the following answer:—

GLOBE OFFICE, Boston, Aug. 11th 18—.

EBENEZER JONES, Esq.,

Dear Sir,

The basis on which any negotiation could take place would be that you will give your sanction to your daughter Kate becoming my wife, if the young lady is agreeable, of course.

Respectfully yours,

JOSHUA BANGS.

To which after a few days he received the following laconic reply:

Swamptown, Aug. 18th 18—
JOSHUA BANGS, Esq.,

Sir,

I'm blessed if I do!

Yours, &c.,

EDENEZER JONES.

Our hero's answer to this was equally as brief and expressive:—

GLOBE OFFICE, Boston, Aug. 22nd 18—
E. JONES, Esq.,

You'll be blessed if you don't.

Yours, &c.,

JOSHUA BANGS.

To this short and delicate effusion our hero received no reply. The idea of returning to Swamptown was not very heartily endorsed by Spuds, and it was well seeing his attraction was now in Boston.

One day, as Joshua was attending to his duties in the office, the door opened and a female of the "last rose of summer" variety entered without knocking, and strode across the room to Joshua's desk. The city editor was out at the time, and our hero was alone in the office. He took a hasty glance around to see if there was any opportunity to dodge out, but she had taken up a position between him and the door, and there did not appear any way out of the dilemma. It was not very often that members of the fair sex got so far up in the building as his flat, and this also was a surprise to him. The age of the lady in question was like X in the formula—an unknown quality, with the difference that it would have been a great deal harder to find out. It was undoubtedly on the uncertain side of forty. She had that vinegary cast of countenance which has always been associated with old maids, but why we have been unable to discover.

"Pray be seated," observed Joshua, as his visitor did

not make any effort to take a chair. It was not necessary for her to explain her mission; he could see "Woman's Rights" written in bold letters in every line of her face.

She drew a chair over in front of our hero's desk, completely barring his way to the door, and seating herself, said:

"Young man, what do you consider to be woman's sphere in life?" and she braced herself back in the chair, folded her arms and looked intently at Joshua.

"I beg pardon?"

"I think I spoke plainly enough, sir; but I will repeat. What is your idea as to the sphere woman should occupy in this world?"

"Well, madam, I really never gave the subject the amount of thought and consideration its extent and depth require, and I am therefore not in a position to give an intelligent answer to the question."

"Intelligent—intelligent answer—do you suppose I am idiotic enough to think I can get an intelligent answer on this great question from one connected with the press, least of all from a stripling like you? No, far from it, far from it; but you are young, and I may do some good. I may instil thoughts in your mind which may grow and yield in after years a rich and abundant harvest. Verily, I have come at a most opportune time, at a time when my labors will not be in vain, or my words scattered to the winds. Young man, I am here to do you good. My labor is a labor of love."

"I am very busy just now, can't I induce you to drop in some other time, and I shall be pleased to take the dose in any form you may prescribe."

"Young man, you seem endowed with a more than ordinary intellect, but never fall into the habit of procrastinating. It will be your ruin, your downfall if you do. He who puts off what can be done at the present never advances beyond the lower strata. I never procrastinate."

Joshua saw that he was in for an "ear-full," as he

remarked afterwards to Spuds, so he leaned back in his chair with a resigned expression of countenance and a determination to be as polite as he well could, and to out-talk her if possible.

"Well, ma'am, do you wish me to tell you some of my imperfectly conceived ideas as regards woman's sphere?"

"That is what I am here for, young man."

"Well, as I said ma'am, I have not given this question the amount of thought that its importance merits, but I have always been of the idea that woman's true sphere in life was in making home the sweetest, purest, loveliest and most enjoyable place in the whole world. That her every energy and thought should be devoted to fit and qualify herself by that higher education, that higher knowledge, that her family might look up to her and say 'mother' with all the reverence, love and respect that name should call forth. I may have what some fanatics—which even to you may appear as puritan ideas on this subject, but I am not a sympathizer with the 'Woman's Rights' movement when it takes the direction of extending the franchise to that sex. While my feelings are strongly with the women in the many good and laudable efforts they are making to purify the moral tone of the community, I can never sympathize with those ranters who make a practice of disparaging our sex, howling against the impurity of the time, and the degeneracy of the world in general. I grant for the sake of argument—if we are going into this thing in the way of an argument—that woman is endowed with just as high an order of intellect as man, and is just as competent and able, as far as ability is concerned, to give an intelligent vote on any great question before the country, and I have seen women who were eminently qualified to hold any office in the gift of the country, but these last we must acknowledge to be exceptional cases. Upon consideration, I don't know but that in many instances they are much more unbiased, and less apt to be influenced by mercenary motives than the so-called lords of creation. Now, as regards the liquor traffic;

that is a question I have always thought woman should have a voice in, because they are more directly interested, probably, than in any other of the great political questions. Some how the word 'politics' does not sound, to me, in harmony with the word 'woman.' I have heard it argued by some that a christian now-a-days cannot be a politician—that he has got to give up one or the other—church or politics. If this is so with reference to the sterner sex how much more would it be true of the gentler and more tractable sex. My opinion of this 'Woman's Rights' question is that as a general thing it is all 'rot' if you will kindly excuse the inelegant expression."

'Young man, you talk more sensibly on this question than I expected from one of your year's, but you do but use the arguments of all your sex. If your argument holds good so far as the liquor traffic is concerned, why will it not hold equally good in all matters which come under the rights of the franchise. Do not the women have to bear an equal proportion in the results of bad legislation. "Well, ma-am, probably the only reason I could give you for discriminating in favor of the right of the franchise in the case of the Liquor Traffic, would be because I am prejudiced against that traffic, and not because the arguments are much stronger in its defence. I have always been of the opinion that woman could do more in the way of purifying the ballot by using her influence at home; by using her powerful influence in purifying the husband and the children before they went to the poll. My dear madam—you will excuse the apparent familiarity—but after all, the purifying that they talk so much about, must begin at home. The ballot box you would purify by woman's influence would remain just as contaminated, if the homes of your female voters were not pure also. You know the poet says, and rightly I think:—

"As unto the bow the cord is,
 So unto man is woman;
 Though she binds him, she obeys him
 Though she draws him, yet she follows.
 Useless each without the other."

So that, as I said, the influence will be found more potent for good when begun at home. Don't you think now," and Joshua beamed down in a philanthropic kind of way in her face, "don't you think that after all, you could do a great deal more good by endeavoring to bring your influence on the homes of some of your sex, rather than forever deploring your lack of privileges. Don't you think you have more privileges than you take advantage of?"

She arose slowly and offered her hand to Joshua. "I must go now. There is not much use in my talking to you I see as you have been primed before hand. I may call in again to see you," and before he could hardly realize the fact she was gone.

A little later in the afternoon while condensing some telegraphic notes, he was interrupted by the Sporting Editor who lounged in, smoking a cigar.

Taking the city editor's chair and placing his feet on the desk, he leaned back and remarked to Joshua:—

"I just met the city editor coming out of the chief's room, and he asked me to give you the particulars about the sudden manner in which old Kirkland went out on the third base. I suppose you can write it out and I can answer you any questions you may ask. He wanted me to write it out but hang it, I am not fly on that kind of a race at all. I'd get short winded before I rounded the first period I know."

"Obituary notice I see, all right," observed Joshua, drawing a sheet of paper towards him. "Well who was this old Kirkland, anyway?"

"He's an old sport with considerable dosh but how he came by it nobody ever knew as he never was known to

win a race. He was a regular old flat. Never would take a fair hold, but would clinch rough-and-tumble, when you were not expecting. Mean—mean—well I guess he was. Job's turkey must have been fattened in a yard something like his. About everybody I know disliked him. Have you got that down?

All right, Bob, what was the nature of the disease that deprived the world of this worthy citizen, remarked Joshua as he sharpened up his pencil preparatory to finishing the article.

That is the most comical part of it. The old duffer was choked to death while endeavoring to swallow a tough piece of steak, I suppose it was the first piece of meat he had eaten this year, and it so surprised his throat that it forgot to fulfil its natural functions. Natural functions are good words, Josh, better work them in somehow.

All right, I've got that down. What next, did he have any wife or children or any relatives?

He had a wife but she got a divorce some years ago as she could not live with him, he would have starved her to death. He had a number of children too, but they all took a hand for themselves as soon as they were able to enter the game. If he has any relations, they do not show up much; the report of his rocks may bring them though. Got that down?

Yes, well what else?

His political career is not as clear as Hanlan's record. He was a man who never could be induced to vote for less than five dollars and all the rum he could drink, which was no small quantity. Party was no object so long as he got the money and rum. Got that down?

All right!—well?

It's not worth while making it too extended, you can end up by saying that everyone will be glad to learn that he has 'kicked out.' When you get that down you can read it over to me, and I will see whether she trots along

smoothly, and how I can do an "over the line" article. By the way we ought to have a display heading to it.

"Passed in his checks," how would that do, or again — "In at the Finish?" Just use your judgment about these headings but I think them away up."

"Say I ain't you going to read that over to us?" as our hero started as if to put it in the copy drawer.

"Oh, certainly I didn't think you particularly cared about hearing it."

ANOTHER PROMINENT CITIZEN GONE.

One of our most respected citizens, Mr. John Kirkland, whose charitable and philanthropic nature was well known to those with whom he came in daily contact, departed this life this morning. The circumstances of his demise made the shock the more startling and more severe to those who had seen him in the full vigor of health and manhood but a few hours before. Mr. Kirkland was singularly unfortunate in his matrimonial alliance and the facts concerning them are still green in the memory of those who knew him personally. His many troubles probably made him appear older than he really was; however, under all his tribulations and trials he bore up with a resignation truly wonderful.

He was a man known far and near for the soundness of his political views and the strength he added to his party both by his personal efforts and his generosity, and he will ever be remembered with kindly feeling by his political friends. While not an office bearer, he labored indefatigably in the ranks, endeavoring to establish the principle of honesty, and to uphold the national greatness.

He was a man highly respected in the community in which it was his privilege to move and his loss will be irreparable. The *Globe* joins in sympathizing with relatives and friends in this their sad affliction.

"Um—m—, slightly different from the way I dictated it but you likely know the usual way of putting these things," and the sporting editor finished his cigar and took himself off to hunt up Wallace Ross' record.

Some days after this our hero was coming in the *Globe* office through the Counting Room, when his attention was attracted by the excited tones of a blustering loud voiced party, having on a heavy pair of cow hide boots, a large

whip in his hand and the general appearance of just having come in from the rural districts—and very rural at that. He was very much provoked about something that had appeared in the paper and had come in expressly to raise a row and to discontinue his paper; and having apparently the idea that he was going to burst up the whole establishment by his individual efforts.

The cashier beckoned to Joshua and asked him if he would kindly show this erratic individual over the building and let him see how much he was going to burst up.

"Certainly," replied Joshua, "I shall have very much pleasure, just come along with me sir," and he began with the basement where they were just taking out an edition of the paper to the mail and newdealers.

"And so you are going to discontinue your subscription, Eh?" remarked Joshua as they went through the different departments.

"Yes," gruffly, "you put the meanest articles in this paper that I ever read. The idea of your running Senator—as you have done. You have too much foolishness in it for me altogether; and so I stopped my paper."

"And I suppose you think that by doing so you will put a complete block on this whole establishment. But now don't you think after all, that it will take more than a four dollar subscription to stop that press?" and Joshua halted the visitor before one of the large improved newspaper presses that was running papers off at the rate of about five thousand an hour, and turning them out already folded. He ended up the tour of inspection in his own room, and offering his visitor a chair, took a seat himself.

"So you are going to borrow the paper you read in future, eh?"

A grunt was the only answer he received.

"Do you know," observed Joshua, elevating his feet on a chair near, and tilting back in his seat—"do you know that I think that a man who will borrow a paper to read

when he is perfectly able to buy one, is so stingy that he will talk through his nose to save wearing out his teeth."

"Eh!" howled the farmer, "do you mean to insult me?"

"Oh, no, not by any means. I was simply giving you my opinion of the kind of men who discontinue their paper when they are able to continue it. The fact is, I don't

believe you are going to discontinue it after all. You are just waltzing around here, to hear yourself talk. Please don't get excited. Although I am used to more or less excitement, it always has an effect on my nerves. Excitement is a natural element in our existence. Ever hear the

story of the Texan editor? No! well, I'll tell you. A visitor was in calling on a Texan editor, and as they were talking a pistol bullet came crashing through a window, nipping off a piece of the editor's ear. "That is the trouble in this country," remarked that gentleman quietly to his visitor. "You make a paper interesting and newsworthy, and

you have got to dodge around lively to keep it up." So you see, my dear sir, we are used to excitement of all kinds, and are prepared to dodge around and keep it up."

"Humph!" and with this expression of his feelings, he with the big boots and heavy whip left our hero's office. The cashier informed him afterwards that the visitor had come down stairs and paid the subscription for a year in advance, without saying a word, and had had his paper continued.

Joshua had been aware for some months that Mr. Jones was having a pretty hard time to control matters at the office. Kate had kept him pretty well posted on matters and things in general as they were going on in his native place, and he was very sure he would hear from Mr. Jones soon again. He was therefore not surprised when he received the following letter from that gentleman:—

APRIL 1880

SWAMPSTOWN, March 18th, 18--

DEAR JOSHUA,

I see there is no use in an old cunudgeon like me trying to kick against the inevitable and two women. It has been gradually dawning upon my obtuse intellect that I have been an old fool so far as you and Kate were concerned. I give my hearty sanction to the marriage, if it is what you two are so desirous of having. You will find, young man, that after you do get married, there is not much you can call your own; or it is not often you can have your own way.

Joshua, my boy, I find I am getting along in life, and I also find that I am not as brisk as I have been in years gone by. My rheumatism is bothering me very much this spring, and I doubt if I shall be able to weather it very long if there is not a let-up somewhere. I have been thinking over the matter a good deal of late, and as you and Kate have apparently made up your minds to join fortunes in the future, we might make some arrangement by which you could come here and buy the office out. I have got some little property, enough to live on, and it is not much use in my spending the closing days of my life in continual anxiety as to whether the paper will come out the next issue or not. I don't want to see the life go to rack and ruin from lack of attention, nor do I want to see you young folk pine into mere skeletons on account of being separated; so if it will facilitate matters you can either make arrangements to leave the office or to buy it out. If you and your friend Spuds could take it together and he take charge of the mechanical part of the work you would possibly find it more enjoyable. However, you can suit yourself about that.

Hoping to hear from you by an early mail, I remain,

Sincerely Yours,

ERNEST JONES.

Joshua thought the subject of the letter over and determined to have a talk with Spuds about it that night. He had concluded to broach the subject to that individual after tea that evening, and was about to call him out of the sitting-room from the vicinity of Eliza, when he was surprised to observe that his friend seemed equally desirous of having a private conversation with him. He led Joshua up stairs to their own room, and seating himself on the side of the bed, while Joshua took a chair, he remarked:—

"See here, Josh, I have been thinking for some time of getting married. For goodness sake don't stare so. I think I can get married if I want to, can't I? You don't suppose

now that you are the only one in the country who can enter the matrimonial state, if you do you are mistaken; but as I was saying, I suggested the propriety of this to Eliza last night, and 'Barcas' has reported herself willing. Now Joab, I want your opinion on this subject; don't you think I can get married and live here in Boston on fourteen dollars a week? I don't relish the idea of getting married and boarding. I would much rather keep home."

"So Eliza and you have talked this thing over, eh? I was pretty sure from the affectionate manner in which she greeted you to-night as you came in to your supper, that there had been some understanding between you two. And so you are anxious to get married?"

"Yes, that is about the fact of the matter. What is your advice under these distressing circumstances?"

"Well, Spuds, I don't know. I suppose fourteen dollars a week looks pretty big to you to begin house-keeping on; but they say love is better than spectacles to make things look big. Now don't you think you could wait a little while? See how long I have been waiting?"

"Yes, and in the language of the immortal poet, 'still you are not happy.'"

"Ah! Spuds, my boy, you should have patience. You say I am not happy; tell me who is happy. What does your favorite poet Longfellow say—'Oh, did we but know when we were happy! Could this restless, feverish, ambitious heart be still, but for a moment still, and yield itself, without one farther-aspiring throb, to its enjoyment—then were I happy; yes, thrice happy! But no; this fluttering, struggling and imprisoned spirit beats the bars of its golden cage, disdains the silken fetter; it will not close its eyes and fold its wings; as if time were not swift enough, its swifter thoughts outstrip its rapid flight, and onward, onward do they wing their way to the distant mountains, to the fleeting clouds of the future, and yet I know that ere long, weary and wayworn, and disappointed, they shall return to nestle in the bosom of the past'; and

Joshua after this declamatory effort, leaned back in his chair with a long drawn face, and a paternal wave of his hand.

"See here, Josh, suppose you bring your mind down to the present; let those thoughts of yours wing their way back to something terrestrial. Life is altogether too short for us to be going around with long faces, like you are the un-happy possessor of now."

"So you want my advice, eh," observed our hero, throwing back his coat and placing his thumbs in the arm holes of his vest. "Well, I suppose if you have really made up your mind to the sacrifice there is not much I could say that would change your mind; but Spuds, my boy, marriage brings great responsibilities—great responsibilities. For a person of your calibre who can't take care of himself yet, it is something awful to contemplate his efforts in trying to take care of another. Spuds, have you really thought this matter over seriously?"

"See here, Josh, now let up on this moralizing; ain't I getting her to look after me? You know I can't expect you to remain with me always, and I think I see signs of a dissolution of our common interests in the horizon even now; so you see I must look out for myself."

"Well, Spuds, if you have really made up your mind to that course, I suppose the only thing for me to do is to assist you out of it as well as possible. I must say that I think Eliza will make you a good wife—in fact a good deal better than you deserve, but then there seems a fatality about good wives getting poor husbands, so I suppose this is only carrying out the established rule. I received a letter from Mr. Jones to-day; here it is, read it over and see what you think of it anyway," and Joshua produced the letter and handed it to Spuds to peruse.

"Well, Spuds, what do you think of the proposition?" as his friend finished reading the epistle. "Do you think we can enjoy ourselves as well at Swamptown as we do here, and make as much money in the end? Of course

the money part of the question is a most important factor." "I don't know, Josh, upon my word I wouldn't like to say without thinking it over. What do you say to calling up Eliza and all of us talking it over together. As she is going to be a silent partner in this firm, it might be just as well to get her opinion now."

"All right, Spuds, ask her up; the very thing I was going to propose."

Eliza was called up and the offer laid before her. She was not particular about residing in Boston, in fact she rather favored the idea of the change; so, after talking the matter over and sifting it thoroughly, it was decided that Joshua should write to Mr. Jones and see on what terms he would be willing to dispose of the office. The next day our hero wrote to that gentleman asking for particulars. In a few days he received an answer which was quite satisfactory to the "syndicate" which now included Miss Eliza, and it was decided to accept Mr. Jones' offer. The next thing to do was to lay the matter before the city editor, which Joshua did the next morning. He explained to that gentleman how his mother had been very lonely in his absence and that he had found it impossible to induce her to remove from Swamptown; that Spuds and his young lady were anxious to have a change of air, as the close confinement was materially reducing that young gentleman's weight, and that individually he saw in this the opportunity of settling down and in bringing about the consummation, in the way of a wedding between himself and Kate, which he had been striving for so long.

"So Joshua, you think of leaving us; of going out and moulding public thought and opinion. We shall all be sorry to lose you, my boy, but always remember in your journalistic career that true greatness consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in making mankind better and happier from your having lived. Of course you should look at this from your own standpoint and decide which will be

the greatest advantage to you. I should not like to influence you in your decision. You can try how you like editing a paper in your native place and if you do not find it as satisfactory as you imagine, you will always find an opening on the *Globe* waiting for you."

Joshua expressed his deepest thanks for the editor's kindness, and made the necessary arrangements to leave on the following Monday.

That evening the syndicate held another session and it was thought best that Joshua should return to Swamp-town and arrange everything with Mr. Jones with reference to the transfer of the office, and that Spuds and Eliza should be quietly married and come on after Joshua had made all the necessary preparations to receive them, which would consist as our hero remarked, of two small boys with tin whistles on the wharf dispensing sweet music as the boat with the happy couple arrived. Joshua had been the recipient of a voluminous correspondence from Kate and they had decided that it would be better for them to wait until the latter part of the summer before they entered the fascinating bonds of wedlock, and until they could together select and furnish their home to suit their taste. Mr. Jones had advocated this course, who, now that he had given his sanction to their union, appeared desirous of atoning for any lukewarmness in the past. He had made it a point to call upon Mrs. Bangs and talk over the matter with her, and had his wife invite that lady up to the house to spend the day so that all could have a better opportunity of getting well acquainted, as he remarked.

The reporters on the *Globe* with whom Joshua had been thrown in daily contact during the past four years, clubbed together and tendered him a complimentary lunch in a restaurant near by, to which the whole staff of the *Globe* were invited. Speeches were made expressing the regret felt at his leaving the office, and hopes for his future prosperity.

Joshua made a farewell call on Mr. Selwin and his

family, and explained to that gentleman the nature of the change he proposed making. The family all felt sorry he intended leaving the city, but wished him every success in his new departure.

Monday morning found Joshua at the train, accompanied by Eliza and Spuds, who went down to the depot to see him safely off. He arrived in Swamptown on Tuesday evening and was met on the wharf by Mr. Jones and Kate, and his mother. They were all driven to Mr. Jones' house and had supper; after supper they all adjourned to the drawing-room and Joshua gave some humorous and interesting sketches of his experience on the *Globe*. Mr. Jones had, in his youth, been connected with a city daily, and these reminiscences called to his mind the times he had enjoyed in newspaper work. He also recounted a number of his youthful exploits, after which as it was getting quite late in the evening, Joshua and his mother, accompanied to the door by Mr. Jones and Kate, retired to their boarding house which was a few blocks away.

In the morning Joshua called around at the *Era* office and had a long conversation with Mr. Muffins before Mr. Jones got around. Mr. Muffins' eye-sight was failing him greatly of late, and he feared he was straining his eyes by working too much at the case at night. He had concluded to open a grocery and provision store, and he was only waiting for Mr. Jones to get some one to take his place before doing so. He was much pleased to see our hero, and expressed the belief that he would do well with the office, which only required 'working up' to be a good-paying property.

When Mr. Jones came down Joshua and he retired to the private office and made the necessary arrangements for the transfer, which it was decided should not take place until the first of the following month. Joshua, in the mean time would assist in straightening up the books, settling a number of long standing accounts, and in making some much required improvements in the rooms.

After satisfactorily getting things into line as regards the office, Joshua called upon Mr. Sheldon, Spuds' father, and informed him of the arrangement that had been made for he and Spuds, to take the *Era*, and also that his son was shortly to be married and come on to Swamptown.

Spuds had not kept up a very continuous line of correspondence with home. Like many other young men who go away from home to better their circumstances, he had not written home as often as he might, whether from lack of time or energy. His family had some idea from the last letter he had written home that he thought of soon getting married, but they did not have any knowledge of his intention to bring his bride to Swamptown; this was a genuine surprise to them.

Mr. Sheldon was quite well to do in the world, but was accounted very close by his neighbors. He was very exacting of his children, and believed in learning them a trade so that they might be able to take care of themselves when they attained a certain age. When he saw that his son intended to make a start for himself, and that he was going in with Joshua, for whom he had a high respect, he seemed very much pleased, and confidentially informed our hero that if they should get financially embarrassed at any time, to call on him and he would see what could be done, but this he did not want Mr. Spuds to know as he was afraid that young gentleman might take advantage of his generosity and not make the efforts that he otherwise would. He suggested that Spuds should bring his wife home until he went into house-keeping, but this Joshua knew Spuds would not consent to do as he had strong opinions on that question, and besides he had already engaged rooms for the couple at the boarding-house with his mother and himself.

And now we are arriving near the close of our short story. Very little more remains to be told. On the first of the month Spuds arrived with his bride and was met at the boat by all the friends. Mr. Jones threw his house open on the occasion, and a number of the intimate

friends spent a very pleasant evening there. About ten o'clock the usual crowd of small boys congregated around the door and carried out one of these latter day orgies known more commonly as charivaries; and were regaled with apples and cake by Mrs. Jones.

About two months after this another important event in our hero's history took place, namely, his marriage with Miss Kate. The ceremony took place at Mr. Jones' residence and as usual the bride looked "perfectly lovely," and was the "recipient of many handsome presents."

The ladies who have followed our hero and heroine's fortunes though their trials will doubtless not feel satisfied unless they knew what the bride wore on the happy occasion. Mr. Jones had to dig down deep into his pocket book to meet the expenses of the trousseau, but while he may have groaned in private he never was heard to murmur in public. The *Herald* in the notice of the wedding gave the bride's costume as follows, and of course the fashion editor on that paper must have been correct and we would not undertake to gainsay his statements. "The bride wore a white brocaded satin with a fan plaited front, and embellished with flounces of rich Newport lace, with a bertha of same and a bouquet of natural Jacque roses upon the corsage, gold ornaments, and the usual thing in the way of orange blossoms and veil. She held in her hand a magnificent bouquet of natural flowers as also did the brides-maids."

The happy couple took the boat for Caneville, and from thence the train to Boston, where Joshua and his fair bride spent a pleasant week in visiting the friends he knew, and the places which had become so familiar to him while attached to the *Globe*. After a two weeks tour they returned home and took possession of the little cottage they had fitted up.

The "oldest inhabitant" was heard to remark afterwards, that the charivari which was given the young couple on the night of their return, beat anything he ever saw in that town.

The band serenaded them in the evening and were invited, along with a number of those who were attracted by the music, into the house, where Mrs. Joshua Bangs presided with the most becoming grace over the luxuries which were so lavishly dispensed to the hungry crowd.

This ends the experience of "OUR JOSHUA AS A REPORTER," he now fills the editorial chair of the *Free*, where we shall leave him for the present.

In writing this short sketch it has been the endeavor as much as possible to portray human nature. In glancing over what has been written we see how far we have come from the real in our humble efforts. It has been wisely said that each human life is a crystal rather than a surface; that it has many faces and that each face seems to him who sees it, a complete life; and yet all the faces form but a part of the one life whose depths are concealed from sight. Only when we make the effort do we discover how little we know, how little we can place on paper of that great problem—life.

THE END.

The happy couple took the boat for Canaan, and from thence the train to Boston, where Joshua and his fair bride spent a pleasant week in visiting the friends he knew, and the places which had borne so many memories to him while attached to the Globe. After two weeks more they returned home and took possession of the little cottage they had fitted up.

The "oldest inhabitant" was hard to remove, but words that the shavian which was given to the couple on the night of their return had everything they ever saw in that town.